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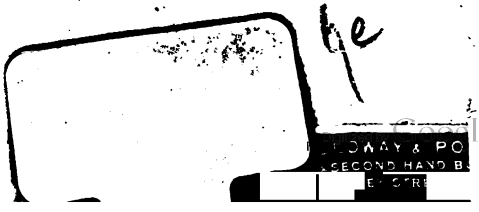

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Henry Thomas Braithwaite

# CONSIDERATIONS
ON
# MILTON's
EARLY READING,
AND THE
# *PRIMA STAMINA*
OF HIS
# PARADISE LOST;
TOGETHER WITH
EXTRACTS FROM A POET
OF THE
# SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

IN A LETTER
TO
*WILLIAM FALCONER*, M.D.
FROM
*CHARLES DUNSTER*, M.A.

PRINTED BY AND FOR JOHN NICHOLS,
RED-LION PASSAGE, FLEET-STREET, LONDON;
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EDWARDS,) 26, PALL MALL; ROBSON, BOND-
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BRIDGE; COOKE, OXFORD; AR-
CHER, DUBLIN; AND LAYNG,
EDINBURGH.

1800.

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VEREOR NE, DUM OSTENDERE CUPIO QUANTUM VIRGILIUS NOSTER EX ANTIQUIORUM LECTIONE PROFECERIT, ET QUOS EX OMNIBUS FLORES VEL QUÆ IN CARMINIS SUI DECOREM EX DIVERSIS ORNAMENTA LIBAVERIT, OCCASIONEM REPREHENDENDI VEL IMPERITIS VEL MALIGNIS MINISTREM EXPROBRANTIBUS TANTO VIRO ALIENI USURPATIONEM.——*At* QUIS FRAUDI VIRGILIO VERTAT, SI AD EXCOLENDUM SE QUÆDAM AB ANTIQUIORIBUS MUTUATUS SIT? CUI ETIAM GRATIA HABENDA EST QUOD NONNULLA AB ILLIS IN OPUS SUUM, QUOD ÆTERNO MANSURUM EST, TRANSFERENDO FECIT NE OMNINO MEMORIA VETERUM DELERETUR: QUOS, SICUT PRÆSENS SENSUS OSTENDIT, NON SOLUM NEGLECTUI VERUM ETIAM RISUI HABERE JAM CÆPIMUS. DENIQUE ET JUDICIO TRANSFERENDI ET MODO IMITANDI CONSECUTUS EST, UT QUOD APUD ILLUM LEGERIMUS ALIENUM, AUT ILLIUS ESSE MALIMUS, AUT MELIUS HIC QUAM UBI NATUM EST SONARE MIREMUR.

MACROB. SATURNAL. vi. 1.

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MY DEAR SIR,

*New Grove, Nov. 1, 1799.*

AMONG the various obligations which I owe to your friendship, the advice you gave me, when first I became much an invalid, "to have always some "literary object in pursuit, but not of a "fatiguing kind," is not one of the least. I have found the best effects from it; and, in forming from desultory reading collections for illustrating the works of our great classic and divine poet, I am confident, that I have passed through many hours of invalid langour and morbid oppression with infinitely less sensibility of them, than I should have done, if devoid of some such mental occupation.



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The various branches of reading which ſuch a purſuit inſenſibly leads to, and the numerous ſtores of amuſement and information which it caſually and unexpectedly opens, I can truly ſay, have often operated upon me the effect aſcribed by the old poet to the ſorrow-ſoothing daughters of Jupiter and Mnemoſyne;

Soothing my pains, and reſpiting my cares *.

I particularly experienced this at the latter end of laſt year; at which ſeaſon I generally droop moſt, which I believe is the caſe with valetudinarians of my claſs.

In paſſing through Saliſbury to this place, the ſummer before laſt, I amuſed myſelf, in the evening, with a volume of the GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE; a complete ſeries of which valuable miſcellany

* Λησμοσυνην τε κακων, αμπαυμα τε μερμηρων.
Heſiod THEOGON. 45.

does

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does credit to the reſpectable * circulating library adjoining to the Inn.—I found, in the Magazine for November 1796, a brief account of *Sylveſter's Du Bartas*, ſhewing it to have been a popular work, and pointing out ſome paralleliſms, (not very ſtriking indeed,) between Milton and the tranſlator of DU BARTAS. Theſe notices were accompanied with an obſervation, attributed to Dr. Farmer †, that "the "ſubject of Milton's great poem muſt "naturally have led him to read in *Syl-* "*veſter's Du Bartas.*"—This awakened in

* It were much to be wiſhed, that the proprietors of our *Caffès Literaires* at Bath, and at other public places, would carefully preſerve, and regularly bind up the more valuable periodical publications which they take in. They would by this means gradually amaſs a valuable *ſtock* of literary *amuſement* and *reference*; which would do more credit to their reading-room and catalogue, than the large quantity of totally unintereſting books, which often ſwell the one, and incumber the other.

† I do not, however, find it in his excellent *Eſſay on the Learning of Shakeſpeare.*



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me a wiſh to be acquainted with it; and, a few months after, I had an opportunity of gratifying my curioſity. In paſſing through Southampton I purchaſed, for *three ſhillings*, the folio edition; a little worm-eaten indeed, and *caret titulo*. I did not, I confeſs, at the moment feel raptures equal to thoſe of Mr. *Shandy*, when he firſt became poſſeſſor of *Bruſcambille*; and, on my firſt looking into it, I was ſo little captivated, that, I ſuſpect, had I been going home, I ſhould have conſigned it to repoſe undiſturbed in a corner of my book-room. I carried, however, my new purchaſe with me into my autumn quarters, at Lymington; where, as the fine air, and beautiful ſcenery of the country, lead to amuſements out of doors, it is leſs neceſſary for the libraries of the place to be *farther provided*, than with *light ſummer-reading*, for the ſultry hour, the rainy day, or the occaſional confinement of a ſlight cold, caught by too late an excurſion on the water. Here, as winter drew on, I

was

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was occaſionally *driven* to look deeper into my worm-eaten folio; and I found it *operæ pretium*. It ſoon *fully* caught my attention; and I value it much above its price, for the pleaſure and gratification which it afforded me.——To make ſome extracts from it, (not without a view to Milton,) was my *medicinal* occupation of the month of November, in laſt year. *Theſe* are now before me; and, to ſay ſomething to you from them on the book itſelf, and the probability of our great poet's early acquaintance with it, and predilection for it, ſhall be my employment of the ſame returning ſeaſon.

The folio edition of Sylveſter's Du Bartas was publiſhed in 1621; when Milton was juſt at the age of thirteen. It was accompanied with highly encomiaſtic teſtimonials of its merit from the *Laudati Viri* of the times; as Ben Jonſon, Daniel, Davis of Hereford, Hall afterwards



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Biſhop of Exeter, Vicars, and others *. I would ſuppoſe that Milton, who was an early † and paſſionate reader, became acquainted with this edition of Sylveſter's Du Bartas on its firſt publication; and that he then peruſed it with the *avidity* of a young poetical mind; hence, perhaps,

Smit with the love of SACRED SONG.——

I am not, indeed, without an opinion,

* Drayton dedicated his MIRACLES OF MOSES to Sylveſter and Du Bartas.

Salluſt, to thee, and Sylveſter thy friend,
Comes my high poem peaceably and chaſte;
Your hallow'd labours humbly to attend,
That wreckful Time ſhall not have power to waſte.

† Milton tells us himſelf, that, from his twelfth year, he was ſo paſſionately fond of reading, as hardly ever to retire from his books to bed before midnight; which laid the foundation of his blindneſs.—"Pater me puerulum humaniorum literarum "ſtudiis deſtinavit; quas ITA AVIDE ARRIPUI, ut, "AB ANNO ÆTATIS DUODECIMO, vix unquam "ante mediam noctem a lucubrationibus diſcedo"rem; quæ prima oculorum pernicies fuit, &c."
DEFENSIO SECUNDA.

that

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that the true *origin* of PARADISE LOST is, in this reſpect, to be traced primarily to SYLVESTER'S DU BARTAS; and I would preciſely reverſe Dr. Farmer's obſervation, by ſuppoſing, that "this led to "Milton's great poem;" not only by awakening his paſſion for ſacred poeſy, but by abſolutely furniſhing what Dr. Johnſon, in his preface to Lauder's Pamphlet, terms the PRIMA STAMINA of PARADISE LOST. This idea occurred to me, before I had obſerved by whom the book in queſtion was printed. And it certainly corroborated it, when I found it recorded, at the end of the book, to have been "*printed by Humfrey Lownes, dwelling on "Bread-ſtreet-hill* *." At this time Milton was actually living with his father in Bread-ſtreet; and it is very poſſible that

* Humfrey Lownes, printer and ſtationer, dwelt at the Star, on Bread-ſtreet-hill, from the year 1613. His predeceſſor in the houſe was Peter Short, printer; among the books printed by whom, as noticed by *Ames*, is, "1598, *Part of Du Bartas's Divine "Weeks, tranſlated by Joſhua Sylveſter.*"



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his early love of books made him a frequent visitor to his neighbour the printer, who, from his address to the reader *,

* The address is as follows:

THE PRINTER TO THE READER.

The name of JOSHUA SYLVESTER is garland enough to hang before this doore; a name worthily dear to the present age, to posterity. I do not therefore go about to apologize for this work, or to commend it: it shall speak for itself louder than others' friendship or envy. I only advertise my reader, that, since the death of the author, (if at least it be safe to say those men are dead, who ever survive in their living monuments,) I have carefully fetched together all the dispersed issue of that divine wit, as those which are well worthy to live (like brethren) together under one fair roof, that may both challenge time and outwear it. I durst not conceal the harmless fancies of his inoffensive youth, which himself had devoted to silence and forgetfulness. It is so much the more glory to that worthy spirit, that he, who was so happy in those youthful strains, would yet turn and confine his pen to none but holy and religious ditties. Let the present and future times enjoy so profitable and pleasing a work; and at once honour the author, and thank the editor.

appears

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appears to have been a man of a poetical taſte; and who, as ſuch, was probably much ſtruck with our young poet's early attention to books, and his other indications of genius.

I have never ſeen Du Bartas's poems in their original French. They have been much condemned by ſome critics; and it has been ſaid "on ne trouve dans ſes "ouvrages ni invention ni genie poeti-"que." The ſtyle of them has alſo been cenſured as *ampoulé*. By others they have been as much applauded and approved *. It is probable that Milton, before he wrote his great poem, had ſeen them in the original; but this is a very immaterial conſideration. To the *Engliſh* Du Bartas we certainly *muſt* trace him, in ſome of

* Guliel*mus* Salluſtius Du Bartas, poemate Gallico *de Creatione Mundi* edito, tantum ſibi gloriæ concivit, ut intra quinque et ſex annos tricies editio redintegrari neceſſe haberet.

Hofman.



his

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his earlieſt poetry, as well as in his lateſt.

The *Engliſh* Du Bartas reads with a high ſpirit of originality *; and I am fully

* The teſtimony of Ben Jonſon's *Encomiaſtic Verſes* may here well be adduced.

EPIGRAM,

To Mr. Joſhua Sylveſter.

If to admire were to commend, my praiſe
Might then both thee, thy work, and merit raiſe;
But as it is, (the child of ignorance,
And utter ſtranger to all airs of France,)
How can I ſpeak of thy great pains but err?
Since they can only judge, that can confer.
Behold! the rev'rend ſhade of Bartas ſtands
Before my thought, and in thy right commands,
That to the world I publiſh for him this,
"Bartas doth wiſh thy Engliſh now were his."
So well in that are his inventions wrought,
As *his* will now be the *tranſlation* thought;
Thine the *original*; and France ſhall boaſt
No more the maiden glories ſhe has loſt.

B. Jonson.

Ben Jonſon indeed, in a general cenſure of the poets of his time, (recorded from his converſation by

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fully perſuaded, that it ſtrongly caught the willing attention of the young poet.

Nothing can be farther from my intention than to inſinuate that Milton was a plagiariſt, or ſervile imitator; but I conceive, that, having read theſe ſacred poems of very high merit, at the immediate age when his own mind was juſt beginning to teem with poetry, he retained

by Drummond of Hawthornden,) ſays, "Sylveſter's tranſlation of Du Bartas was not well done; "but he wrote his verſes, before he underſtood to "confer. By which we may underſtand Jonſon cenſuring the *exactneſs* of the tranſlation: which he muſt have done on the report of others, as his verſes confeſs that he did not underſtand the original. The poetry of Sylveſter (which is my object) ſtands unimpeached.

Drummond himſelf commends Sylveſter's tranſlation of Du Bartas's *Judith* as excellent, and ſpeaks of "his happy tranſlations in ſundry places equal-"ling the original." Drummond is great authority; eſpecially for that age.—The *works of Drummond* were publiſhed in 1656, with a preface by Edward Phillips the nephew of Milton.

numberleſs

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numberleſs thoughts, paſſages, and expreſſions therein, ſo deeply in his mind, that they hung inherently on his imagination, and became, as it were, naturalized there. Hence many of them were afterwards inſenſibly tranfuſed into his own compoſitions.—In common converſation we, imperceptibly to ourſelves, adopt the particular phraſeology or tone of voice of thoſe perſons whom we peculiarly admire; and we frequently catch their characteriſtic manners, without meaning in any reſpect to copy them, or being at all aware of any obſervable reſemblance between us.—From Milton's frequent adoption of Sylveſter's language, I ſimilarly infer his having been *much converſant* with it, and his earneſt admiration of his poetry.

Du Bartas's principal poem, intitled DAYS AND WEEKS, was well calculated, both from its *plan* and *execution*, to attach the attention of Milton.—Having for its argument

argument the most weighty and interesting subjects of scripture history; — commencing with the *Creation* and the *Fall*; proceeding, as the poet marks his plan, through the types of *the Law* and *Jewish History*, to the completion of them in the *Messias*; — and meaning, (had he lived to complete his subject,) to have wound up all in the eternal happiness of *the Heavenly Sabbath*; — decorated and enriched with every ornament of classic literature and scientific knowledge, not without collateral aid from the gothic ages and legendary tales; — how could it fail to strike a young mind, ardently disposed to learning, poetry, and devotion?

The versification of our translator, Joshua Sylvester, has in it, it must be confessed, numerous highly obsolete and vulgarised expressions; frequent discordant and disgusting rhymes; and, very often, a most offensive jingle of adjunct rhyming,



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or ſimilarly ſounding words *. It has alſo

* I cite a few inſtances.

Cauſing the *rocks* to *rock*,——
p. i.

Of all thoſe *mountains mounting* to the ſkies.
p. 54.

Th' other by Tours Charles *Martell martyr'd* ſo,
That never ſince could Afric army ſhow.
p. 279.

The ugly *bear bears* to his high renown
Sev'n ſhining ſtars,——
p. 296.

The ſea *obey'd*, as *bay'd*,——
p. 362.

*Baal's bawling* prieſts,——
p. 483.

A *boundleſs*, *groundleſs*, ſea,——
p. 442.

A *ſmoother ſoother*, e'en our own ſelf love,——
p. 444.

——each *aſſault ſalt* tears
Draws from mine eyes,——
p. 413.

I add one more;

*O LOT!* alas! what *lot* haſt thou elect!
p. 309.

which cannot but remind us of Milton's

O *Eve!* in *evil* hour thou did'ſt give ear,
To that falſe worm, &c.——
PAR. LOST. ix. 1067.



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ſome paſſages ſo highly bombaſtic *, as to be moſt completely ludicrous. In ſpite of all this, his language is at times admirably condenſed, and it abounds in paſſages which, I conceive, cannot but reclaim our moſt unbounded admiration; and which, I firmly believe, made a forcible appeal to the finely-tuned ear of Milton.

* Dryden, in the *Tranſlation of* Boileau's ART OF POETRY, *with his application of it to Engliſh Writers*, cautioning againſt *Bombaſt*, produces an eminent inſtance of *it* from Sylveſter's Du Bartas.

> Nor, with Du Bartas "bridle up the floods,"
> And "*periwig with wool the baldpate woods.*"

I ſhould obſerve, that Boileau does not mention Du Bartas at all in his original poem. The verſe, here ſelected from Sylveſter by Dryden, well deſerves the deriſion, to which he holds it up. He has alſo introduced Du Bartas himſelf in another part of the poem; where, I may perhaps find occaſion to ſhew, he has *not* done it very judiciouſly.

The

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The earlieſt pieces of poetical compoſition, publiſhed by the author of Paradiſe Loſt, are his verſification of the 114th and 136th Pſalms, written when he was only fifteen; in which Mr. Warton has pointed out ſeveral *foreſhewings* of future poetical eminence. The archetypes of ſeveral of theſe, (or at leaſt ſomething that materially contributed towards them,) I fancied that I found in Sylveſter's Du Bartas; the folio edition of which had been publiſhed by Humfrey Lownes, only two years before. This induced me to make the experiment, how far I could trace Milton, in theſe and ſome others of his early poems, to the publication of his neighbour.

The reſult of that experiment I now ſubmit to your better judgement. —— I muſt appriſe you that the paſſages, which I cite as parallel, or in ſome reſpect ſtrikingly ſimilar, muſt not be expected all

to

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to have equal force. Some, I think, will ſpeak for themſelves with ſtrong claims; others with leſs powerful ones. On the whole, they may *jointly* go *near* to prove the point, which I have fancied myſelf able to ſhew.

## PSALM CXIV.

8. ——————*froth-becurled*——]

This epithet, (a *bold* effort for a poet of fifteen,) I mean only in general to attribute to the compound epithets of Sylveſter. Theſe, I believe, have been cenſured *; but he has uſed many of a very fine

* Dr. Warton, (in a note on Pope's *Imitation* of Horace, 2 Ep. ii. 167,) gives the ſubſtance of a converſation between Pope and the Rev. Mr. Walter Harte, reſpecting the reviving obſolete words in poetry.—Among other things it is obſerved,

 "*Compound*

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fine effect: and to ſome of them I ſhall poſſibly endeavour to draw your attention. Many of theſe I ſuſpect to have been not a little reliſhed by Milton, on his firſt reading

" *Compound Epithets* firſt came into their great " vogue about the year 1598. Shakeſpeare and " Ben Jonſon both ridiculed the immoderate uſe " of them, in their prologues to TROILUS AND " CRESSIDA, and to EVERY MAN IN HIS HU- " MOUR. By the above prologue it appears, that " *Bombaſt* grew faſhionable about the ſame æra. " The author of Hieronimo firſt led up the dance. " Then came the bold and ſelf-ſufficient tranſlator " of Du Bartas; who broke down all the flood- " gates of the true ſtream of eloquence, (which " formerly preſerved its river clear, within due " bounds, and full to its banks,) and, like the " rat in the low-country' dikes, miſchievouſly, or " wantonly, deluged the whole land."——I cannot but obſerve on this paſſage, that Ben Jonſon certainly did *not* conſider Sylveſter as offending in point of bombaſt and immoderate uſe of compound epithets; or he would ſcarcely have complimented his work *cui amori*, as he has done in the verſes which I have exhibited in a preceding note.—— It may be remarked alſo, that a poet muſt have

reading Sylveſter. Perhaps he was jointly indebted to Sylveſter and to Homer, for his primary predilection for compound epithets; which ſo eminently diſtinguiſh and elevate his poetry.

9. ——— *Jordan's clear ſtreams* ———]

The river Jordan is ſimilarly characteriſed by Sylveſter; where there is a reſemblance alſo to the preceding verſe of Milton's pſalm:

CLEAR JORDAN'S ſelf, in his dry ozier bed,
Bluſhing for ſhame, was faln to HIDE HIS HEAD.
p. 954 *.

---

have no ſmall degree of merit, and no common powers, who could be conſidered as materially inſtrumental in giving quite a new caſt and character to our national poetry. I conſider Sylveſter to have had a richly-abundant ſtream of poetic language, perhaps not always ſufficiently reſtrained, and often rather turbid; but it flowed at times with much dignity. Flood-gates belong to artificial navigations; while rivers, ſufficiently wide and deep, neither have them, nor need them.

* My references are to the *pages*, in the folio edition of 1621: where is printed Hudſon's Tranſla-

*——Jordan's clear ſtreams recoil,*
*As a faint hoſt that hath receiv'd the foil.*]

To *recoil* is frequent with Sylveſter for to *retire*; and without implying any particular *impetus*. *Foil*, for *defeat*, is alſo very common with him. In the following paſſage they both meet;

Ay Satan aims our conſtant faith to FOIL,
But God doth ſeal it, never to RECOIL. p. 337.

11. *The high huge-bellied mountains——*]

I always thought *huge-bellied* a ſingular epithet for the young poet to apply to mountains; and I have not been without expectations of finding an inſtance of

tion of Du Bartas's *Judith*; from which I alſo cite parallel paſſages, without particulariſing them. —It is not by any means my object to ſhew the *exact proportion* of Milton's obligations to Sylveſter, or Hudſon, or indeed to Du Bartas; but his general obligation to Lownes's publication, in folio, of what is commonly termed *Sylveſter's Du Bartas*: but which includes other poems of Sylveſter, as well as Hudſon's Verſion of the *Judith*.

it.

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it in Sylveſter. I can, however, preſent you with ſomething very like it, from that quarter:

Moſes by faith, heard by the God of power,
Compels THE MOUNTAINS' BURLY SIDES to ſhake,
Commands the earth to rent, to yawn and quake.
p. 552.

14. *Why turned Jordan tow'rd his cryſtal fountains?*]

And TOW'RD THE CRYSTAL OF HIS DOUBLE SOURCE
Compelled JORDAN TO RETREAT his courſe.
p. 49.

16, ——*that ever was, and ay ſhall laſt,*]

In the very opening of Sylveſter's Du Bartas, *ay*, as here, is the reduplication of *ever*;

Clear fire FOR EVER hath not air embrac'd,
Nor air for AY environ'd waters vaſt. p. 2.

And, in the concluſion of one of the *Parts*, the people are called upon to

——praiſe and pray
Th' ALMIGHTY-MOST, whoſe mercy LASTS FOR AY.
p. 408.



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*Ay*, for *ever*, is indeed moſt frequent in Sylveſter; and is to be found in ſome energetic paſſages:

——whare an immortal May
In bliſsful beauty flouriſheth for AY. p. 42.

——his high name as far
Might AY reſound as ſun-burnt Zanzabar.
p. 281.

Tremble therefore, O tyrants, tremble AY.
Poor worms of earth, proud aſhes, duſt and clay!
p. 358.

From Indian ſhore to where the ſun doth fall;
Or from the climate of the northern blaſt
Unto that place where ſummer AY DOTH LAST.
p. 695.

*Ay*, for *ever*, is not often to be found in Milton's other poems; at leaſt not in his later ones *. But I conceive that he had at this time no ſmall predilection for this ſince-diſcarded monoſyllable:

* It is however uſed with good effect, PENSEROSO, ver. 48; and, VERSES AT A SOLEMN MUSIC, ver. 7.

otherwiſe

otherwiſe he would not have uſed it in this fine characteriſation of the Eternal Being, and again in the choral tribute of praiſe, which forms the *burthen* of the enſuing 136th Pſalm;

For his mercies AY indure,
EVER faithful, EVER ſure.

17. ——————*glaſſy floods*——]

*Glaſſy*, as an epithet for water, is not unfrequent in Sylveſter's Du Bartas. Previous to the deſcription of the creation of land and water, the Deity is invoked as

——king of graſſy, and of GLASSY plains, p. 47.

17. *That glaſſy floods from rugged rocks can cruſh,*
*And make ſoft rills from fiery flint-ſtones guſh.*]

The ſimilar rhyme occurs in Sylveſter's deſcription of rain;

Whether the upper cloud's moiſt heavineſs
Doth with his weight the under cloud oppreſs;
And ſo one humour doth another CRUSH,
'Till to the ground their liquid pearls do GUSH.
p. 30.



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*Guſh* indeed is ſcriptural. In the Pſalmiſt's reference to this miracle of Moſes bringing the water out of the rock, it is particularly ſaid to *guſh out*. Pſalm lxxviii. ver. 17.—cv. ver. 40. See alſo Iſaiah, xlviii. 21. And to this we might attribute the young poet's *guſhing* rill.—At the ſame time Sylveſter not only ſimilarly deſcribes this miraculous production of water, when, on Moſes' ſtriking the rock with his rod,

——————with rapid ruſh
Out of the ſtone a plenteous ſtream doth GUSH;
p. 368.

but he had alſo, in other places, ſhewed his young reader the fine poetical and expreſſive effect of the word *guſh*, in deſcribing *the impetuous flowing* of water. He thus powerfully deſcribes the ſnow melting and flowing in torrents;

——————down the water leaps,
On every ſide it foams, it roars, it ruſhes,
And through the ſteep and ſtony hills it GUSHES.
p. 50.

and,

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and, in his LITTLE DU BARTAS, ſpeaking of man as the lord of the creation;

For him the rocks a thouſand rivers GUSH;
Here rolling brooks, there ſilver torrents ruſh.

P. 775.

---

In this pſalm, Milton's firſt-avowed poetical attempt, the ſtyle of verſification, (being heroic rhime, which he has not often attempted,) ſeems to have been adopted from Sylveſter. Two years after, when he wrote his VERSES ON THE DEATH OF A FAIR INFANT, he was palpably become acquainted with Spenſer; who is there his model. Hence I ſuppoſe the *priority* of his acquaintance with *Sylveſter's Du Bartas*; which I would conſider as his *primary attachment* *.

* I might carry my *hypotheſis*, of Milton's primary acquaintance with *Sylveſter's Du Bartas*, to an earlier date, than I have yet ſuppoſed; as, ſince the above was written and ſent to the preſs, I find that the 4to edition, in 1613, was alſo printed by Humfrey Lownes. Milton was then only five years old, at the moſt.

PSALM

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## PSALM CXXXVI.

29. ——— *the golden-treſſed ſun,*]

Mr. Warton particularly notices this expreſſion as highly poetical. I cannot avoid referring it to Sylveſter's Du Bartas; where the ſun is not only deſcribed

WITH GOLDEN TRESSES and attractive grace,
p. 85,

but it is alſo ſaid;

Scarce did the glorious Governor of Day
O'er Memphis yet HIS GOLDEN TRESS diſplay.
p. 360.

33. *The horned moon to ſhine by night.*]

The moon is ſeveral times termed by Sylveſter, "*Night's horned queen*;"

——— under night's HORNED QUEEN. p. 42.

——— how ſea doth ebb and flow,
As th' HORNED QUEEN doth either ſhrink or grow. p. 83.

34. ——*her*

34. ——her ſpangled ſiſters bright.]

This expreſſion is alſo admired by Mr. Warton as very poetical. But Sylveſter had before termed the ſtars

——thoſe BRIGHT SPANGLES that the heavens adorn. p. 13.

And

—The twinkling SPANGLES of the firmament. p. 72.

He has alſo

——heaven's STAR-SPANGLED canopy, p. 43.

And

——the BRIGHT STAR-SPANGLED regions. p. 143.

He *beſpangles*, indeed, the ſtars upon various other occaſions.

37. ——his thunder-claſping hand.]

This fine epithet is juſtly admired by Mr. Warton. It is much ſuperior to any attempts, in Sylveſter's Du Bartas, ſimilarly to characteriſe "the glorious God, that "maketh

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" maketh the thunder;" but poſſibly not without obligations to them. Mankind, for inſtance, are there termed

——vaſſals only of the THUNDER-THROWER;—
p. 959.

and the Deity is ſtyled

——the immortal, mighty THUNDER-DARTER;
p. 7.

and we have,

——the only-THUNDERING HAND of God. p. 46.

38. *Smote the firſt-born of Egypt land.*]

——————ſlain by the angel's hand
Among the elder heirs of EGYPT LAND. p. 703.

41. *And in deſpight of Pharaoh fell,*
*He brought from thence his Iſrael.*]

In Sylveſter's Du Bartas, Pharaoh is ſimilarly deſcribed as *fell*, or cruel;

So Iſrael, fearing again to feel
Pharaoh's FELL hands, who hunts him at the heel.— p. 361.

Where

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Where alſo the Miltonic rhyme frequently occurs;

——thoſe proud TYRANTS FELL,
Thoſe bloody foes of mourning ISRAEL. p. 357.

——through the ſandy horror
Of a vaſt deſart, * * * *
Of thirſt and hunger, and of ſerpents FELL,
He by the hand conducted ISRAEL. p. 377.

——what tempeſt FELL
Beats on the head of harmleſs ISRAEL! p. 438.

And finally doth puniſh TYRANTS FELL,
With their own ſwords, to ſave his ISRAEL.
p. 478.

I could refer you to various other inſtances.——Theſe, indeed, are mere *minutiæ*, hardly worth our notice; but a number of ſuch, in addition to more palpable obligations, may contribute to prove my point.



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45. *The ruddy waves he cleft in twain,*
*Of the Erythræan main.*]

His dreadful voice, to ſave his antient ſheep,
Did CLEAVE the bottom of TH' ERYTHRÆAN * DEEP. p. 48.

This paſſage alone ſeems nearly ſufficient to fix on Milton an acquaintance with, and recollection of, Sylveſter's Du Bartas; eſpecially as I can alſo refer his "RUDDY *waves*" of the Erythræan, or Red Sea, to the ſame ſource;

——along the ſandy ſhore,
Where the Erythrean RUDDY billows roar.
p. 967.

* Sylveſter is habitually negligent of Latin quantities. Thus he writes Euphrătes, (which I believe Spenſer has likewiſe done,) Niphătes, Cincinnătus; and here Erythrĕan inſtead of Erythræan. He is not, however, uniform in his falſe quantities. Though he ſometimes writes Idūmēan, Oſiris, Orĭon; at other times he reſtores them to their claſſical quantity.

53. *But*

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53. *But full ſoon they did devour*
*The tawny king with all his power.*]

Thus exactly, and with the ſame fine effect, Sylveſter;

BUT CONTRARY the Red Sea DID DEVOUR
THE BARB'ROUS TYRANT WITH HIS MIGHTY POWER. p. 704.

65. *He foil'd bold Seon*—]

*To foil*, for *to defeat*, is perfectly *Sylveſtrian*;

Shall FOIL the Pagan, and free Iſrael. p. 415.
———giants FOIL'D in ſingle fight. p. 430.
Subdueth Soba; FOILS the Moabite. ibid.
I FOIL'D your troops———— p. 519.

66. ———*the Ammorean coaſt.*]

*Ammorean*, for *Amorite*, is of the ſame ſchool. The Amorites flying before Joſhua are termed,

————the AMMOREAN hare,
*Foil'd* with the fear of his victorious war. p. 298.

69. ——*large*

69. ——*large-limb'd Og*—]

And as a LARGE and MIGHTY-LIMBED ſteed.
p. 98.

70. ——*his over-hardy crew*—]

Senacharib's proud OVER-DARING HOST,
That threaten'd Heaven, and 'gainſt the earth did boaſt. p. 17.

89. *Let us therefore warble forth,*]

Thus alſo Sylveſter;

O Father! grant I ſweetly WARBLE FORTH
Unto our ſeed the world's renowned birth. p. 1.

94. *Above the reach of mortal eye,*]

This is admired by Mr. Warton, as a very poetical expreſſion; and ſo it is. But Sylveſter had before ſpoken of

——all that is, or MAY BE SEEN
BY MORTAL EYE under Night's horned Queen.
p. 40.

ANNO

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## ANNO ÆTATIS XVII.

### ON THE DEATH OF A FAIR INFANT, DYING OF A COUGH.

8. ——*ſince grim Aquilo, his charioteer,*
*By boiſterous rape th' Athenian damſel got,*]

In Sylveſter's Du Bartas, Scythia is deſcribed with alluſion to the ſame mythologic ſtory;

——————the cold frozen Scythia,
Too often kiſs'd by th' HUSBAND OF ORYTHIA,
p. 29.

To which we might refer the "*kiſs of* "*winter*," in the preceding ſtanza.

Milton's making Aquilo the *Automedon* of winter, may alſo be attributed to the ſame ſource;

The ſhiv'ring COACHMAN with his icy ſnow
Dares not the foreſt of Phœnicia ſtrow: p. 104.



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12. ——————*th' infámous blot,*]

*Infamous* is thus accented by Sylveſter; I believe uniformly.

Fly then thoſe monſters, and give no acceſs
To men INFÁMOUS for their wickedneſs: p. 444.

A ſink of filth, where ay th' INFÁMOSEST,
Moſt bold and buſy, are eſteemed beſt: p. 403.

15. ——————*icy-pearled car*]

*Ice-pearl* is uſed for *hail* by Sylveſter more than once;

The incenſed hand of Heaven's Almighty King
Never more thick doth ſlipp'ry ICE-PEARLS fling;
p. 310.

The bounding balls of ICE-PEARL ſlipp'ry ſhining;
p. 1096.

20. ——————*with his cold kind embrace.*]

Pierc'd with the glance of a KIND CRUEL EYE,—
p. 116.

21. *Unbous'd*

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21. *Unhous'd thy virgin ſoul,—*]

We have the ſame expreſſion in Sylveſter's Funeral Elegy on the Wife of M. D. Hill;

For her own father Nature had UNHOUS'D,
And *Meikerk* had her mother re-eſpous'd. p. 1168.

## ANNO ÆTATIS XIX.

### A VACATION EXERCISE.

5. ——————*dumb ſilence—*]

Through all the world DUMB SILENCE doth diſtill,—— p. 130.

19. *Not thoſe new-fangled toys, and trimming ſlight,*
*Which takes our late fantaſtics with delight,*]

In Sylveſter's Du Bartas it is ſaid, that Sir Thomas More and Sir Nicholas Bacon firſt improved the Engliſh language, and



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weaned first
Our infant phraſe, till then but homely nurſt,
And childiſh TOYS; and, rudeneſs chacing thence,
To civil knowledge join'd ſweet eloquence.
p. 265.

And, a little before, the change of languages is aſcribed, among other cauſes, to the fabrications, or new-fanglings, of "fame-thirſting wits."

Or elſe becauſe fame-thirſting wits, who toil
In golden terms to trick their gracious ſtyle,
With NEW-FOUND beauties prank each circumſtance, &c. &c. p. 261.

29. *Yet I had rather, if I were to chuſe,*
*Thy ſervice in ſome graver ſubject uſe:—*
*Such where the deep tranſported mind may ſoar*
*Above the wheeling poles, and at Heaven's door*
*Look in, and ſee each bleſſful Deity,*
*How he before the thund'rous throne doth lie,*
*Liſtning to what unſhorne Apollo ſings*
*To th' touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings*
*Immortal Nectar to her kingly ſire;*
*Then paſſing thro' the ſpheres of watchful fire,*
*And miſty regions of wide air next under,*
*And hills of ſnow and lofts of piled thunder,*
*May*

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*May tell at length how green-ey'd Neptune raves,*
*In Heaven's defiance muſter'ring all his waves;*
*Then ſing of ſecret things that came to paſs,*
*When beldam Nature in her cradle was.*]

I have often thought, that theſe were not exactly the *original* ideas of a poet, *anno ætatis* 19; even though that poet was Milton.——I beg you to compare the following *mental excurſion*, into the elementary and celeſtial regions, of the ſacred poet, with whom I ſuppoſe Milton to have made an early acquaintance.

And though our ſoul live as impriſon'd here
In our frail fleſh, and buried, as it were,
In a dark tomb; yet at one flight ſhe flies
From Calpe to Imaus, from th' earth to ſkies,
Much ſwifter than the chariot of the ſun,
Which in a day about the world doth run.
For ſometimes, leaving theſe baſe ſlimy heaps,
With chearful ſpring above the clouds ſhe leaps,
Glides through the air, and there ſhe learns to know
The original of wind, and air, and ſnow,
Of lightning, thunder, blazing ſtars, and ſtorms,
Of rain and ice, and ſtrange exhaled forms.



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By th' air's ſteep ſteps ſhe boldly climbs aloft
To the world's chambers; Heaven ſhe viſits oft,
Stage after ſtage; ſhe marketh all the ſpheres,
And all th' harmonious various courſe of theirs:
With ſure account, and certain compaſſes,
She counts the ſtars, and metes their diſtances,
And diff'ring paces; and, as if ſhe found
No object fair enough in all this round,
She mounts above the world's extremeſt wall,
Far, far beyond all things corporeal;
Where ſhe beholds her Maker face to face,
His frowns of Juſtice, and his ſmiles of Grace,
The faithful zeal, the chaſte and ſober port,
And ſacred pomp of the Celeſtial Court. p. 133.

Let the ſobereſt admirer of Milton and of true poetry judge, if *ſuch* a paſſage was not likely to captivate the attention of the young poet!—Milton has, in fact, compreſſed Du Bartas's deſcription; only reverſing the order of it, and *heathenifing*, with ſome fine claſſical touches, the Ολυμπια δωματα of his predeceſſor.

Had not this paſſage precluded the neceſſity of looking farther, we might have referred Milton, in ſome part of the above citation,

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citation, to the encomiaſtic verſes of Biſhop Hall, prefixed to the Engliſh Du Bartas; which, on account of their merit, I am not ſorry to bring forward to your notice.

## To Mr. JOSHUA SYLVESTER,

OF HIS

## B A R T A S

METAPHRASED.

I dare confeſs; of Muſes more than nine,
Nor liſt, nor can I envy none but thine.
She, drench'd alone in *Sion's* ſacred ſpring,
Her Maker's praiſe hath ſweetly choſe to ſing,
And reacheth neareſt th' Angels's notes above;
Nor liſts to ſing or tales, or wars, or love.
One while I find her, in her nimble flight,
Cutting the brazen ſpheres of Heaven bright;
Thence ſtraight ſhe glides, before I be aware,
Through the three regions of the liquid air:
Thence, ruſhing down thro' Nature's Cloſet-door,
She ranſacks all her Grandame's ſecret ſtore;
And, diving to the darkneſs of the deep,
Sees there what wealth the waves in priſon keep:



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And, what ſhe ſees above, below, between,
She ſhews and ſings to others' ears and eyne *.

33. ——*where the deep tranſported mind may ſoar*
*Above the wheeling poles, and at Heaven's door*
*Look in, &c. &c.*]

I muſt here alſo requeſt you to compare the following paſſage in Du Bartas's URANIA, or *Heavenly Muſe*; a poem highly congenial to the immediate poetical caſt of Milton's mind;

"I am URANIA," then aloud ſaid ſhe,
"Who human-kind ABOVE THE POLES TRANSPORT,
Teaching their hands to touch, and eyes to ſee
The INTER-COURSE OF THE CELESTIAL COURT."
SYLVEST. DU BART. p. 526.

* I ſubjoin the remainder of theſe verſes, as a material teſtimonial of the allowed high merit of Joſhua Sylveſter.

Tis true, thy Muſe another's ſteps doth preſs;
The more's her pain, nor is her praiſe the leſs.
Freedom gives ſcope unto the roving thought;
Which by reſtraint is curb'd. Who wonders ought,
That feet unfetter'd walk both far and faſt,
Which pent in chains muſt want their cuſtom'd haſte?
Thou follow'ſt Bartas's divineſt ſtrain,
And ſing'ſt his numbers in his native vein;
BARTAS was ſome French angel, girt with bays;
And thou a BARTAS art, in Engliſh lays.

36. —*the*

36. ——————*the thund'rous throne*——]

Dr. Jortin would here read " the *thun-* " *d'rer's* throne;" not being acquainted with the adjective *thund'rous*. But Dr. Newton obſerves, that " he *thinks* he has " ſeen the word *thund'rous* in other old " authors; though he cannot recollect " where." Mr. Warton notices the word, as " more in Milton's manner than *thun-* " *derer's*;" and as " conveying a new " and a ſtronger idea." He alſo illuſtrates it by *ſlumb'rous* from *ſlumber*, Par. Loſt. x. 702; but he gives no inſtance of *thunderous* from our older poets, with whom he was ſo converſant.—I find it uſed in a fine paſſage of Sylveſter: where Goliah, when ſlain by David, is compared, in falling, to a wall or tower, of a beſieged city, under-worked by miners;

Till at the length, ruſhing with THUND'ROUS roar,
It ope a breach to the hardy conqueror. p. 420.

41. *And*

41. *And misty regions of wide air next under,*
*And hills of snow and lofts of piled thunder.*]

——————the mountains ſtrangely ſteep
Thoſe heaven-climb ladders, labyrinths of wonder,
Cellars of wind, and SHOPS OF SULPHRY THUNDER,
Where ſtormy tempeſts have their ugly birth;
p. 282.

Mr. Warton, in his note on this part of the VACATION EXERCISE, obſerves, "there "is *ſomething like it* in Sylveſter's Du "Bartas, JOB, p. 944, of the edition "1621."—The page which he refers to, in JOB TRIUMPHANT, has only two lines, that have any material reſemblance;

Haſt thou the treaſures of the ſnow ſurvey'd?
Or ſeen the ſtore-houſe of my hail uplaid?

The paſſage is a fine one: and I wiſh it had induced Mr. Warton, to have looked more deeply into the volume.

The

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The ſame page has other * paſſages, that might have attached the tafteful curioſity of my much-reſpected friend. But, when he publiſhed his valuable edition of Milton's *Juvenilia*, he was certainly little acquainted with *Sylveſter's Du Bartas* †; and the reference to it, which I have juſt noticed, was probably ſuggeſted by Mr. Bowles,

* I could inſtance the following:

Haſt thou gone down into the ſea itſelf?
Walk'd in the bottom? ſearched ev'ry ſhelf?
Survey'd it's ſprings? or have the gates of death
Been open'd to thee, and the doors beneath
Death's ghaſtly ſhadows?———

Which is the way where lovely light doth dwell?
And, as for darkneſs, where hath ſhe her cell?
Canſt thou reſtrain the pleaſant influence
Of *Pleiades*, the uſhers of the Spring?
Or canſt thou looſe *Orion's* icy bands,
Who rules the Winter with his chill commands?

Wilt thou command the clouds, and Rain ſhall fall?
Will Lightning come, and anſwer, at thy call?

† In the poſthumous edition of Mr. Warton's Milton, there are indeed references not unfrequently to Sylveſter's Du Bartas; but it is ſeldom noticed, that Milton had any *material obligations* to it.

Bowles, who ſupplied him with others to that work. Dryden's citation from Sylveſter, in the ART OF POETRY *, has poſſibly prevented many readers of taſte from ever looking into his Du Bartas; and it muſt be owned, that in moſt pages they would meet with ſomething to confirm the impreſſion. To find his *brilliant* paſſages, we certainly have often to paſs through a quantity of *ſtercoraceous* and diſguſting matter.

93. ——————*Trent, who ſpreads*
*His thirty arms along th' indented meads.*]

Sylveſter to Du Bartas's Catalogue, of the moſt famous rivers in the world, adds,

it. The fine paſſage, which I have cited in p. 38, is there referred to, and ſix verſes of it are cited; but coldly, and without any admiration of it. I had not ſeen the ſecond edition of Warton's Milton, ſince my acquaintance with Sylveſter's Du Bartas, till this ſheet was abſolutely in the preſs.

* See note, p. 15, reſpecting Dryden, &c.

——ſilver

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——ſilver Medway, which doth deep INDENT
THE FLOW'RY MEADOWS of my native *Kent*;
p. 50.

and he apoſtrophiſes the

vales with hundred brooks INDENTED;
p. 517.

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## ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST's NATIVITY.

### COMPOSED 1629.

3. *Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,*]

That MARY ſhall AT ONCE be MAID AND MOTHER,
p. 17.

14. ——— *a darkſome houſe of mortal clay,*]

The humours cauſed in THIS HOUSE OF CLAY,—
p. 185.

19. ——————*the ſun's team*——]

———the SUN's proud-trampling TEAM——
p. 84.

THE SUN, to ſhun this tragic fight, apace
Turn'd back HIS TEAM,———— p. 226.

21. ——*the*

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21. ——*the ſpangled hoſt keep watch in ſquadrons bright.*]

——————before mine eyes
HEAVEN'S GLORIOUS HOST in nimble SQUADRONS flies. p. 13.

33. *Had doff'd her gaudy trim,*]

DOFF'D mourning weeds, and deck'd it paſſing fine. p. 12.

95. *As never was by mortal finger ſtruck,*
*Divinely-warbled voice*
*Anſw'ring the ſtringed noiſe,*]

Suffer, at leaſt, to my ſad dying VOICE
My doleful FINGERS to conſort their NOISE:
p. 101.

131. ——*your nine-fold harmony,*]

Her NINE-FOLD VOICE did choicely imitate
Th' HARMONIOUS muſic of Heaven's nimble dance. p. 526.

140. ——————*peering day,*]

A mountain top, that over-PEERS the plain,—
p. 252.

142. *Will*

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142. *Will down return to men,*
*Orb'd in a rainbow———*
*Thron'd in celeſtial Sheen,*
*With radiant feet the tiſſu'd clouds down ſteering.*]

We might, I think, conjecture, that this deſcription is from ſome picture; and to Sylveſter's Tranſlation of Du Bartas's TRIUMPH OF FAITH there is a Frontiſpiece, that might have furniſhed it. The ſubject is from Revelat. ii. ver. 10, *Be thou faithful unto death; and I will give thee a crown of life.* The deſign is, Chriſt deſcending to judgment, and the FAITHFUL *appearing before the judgment ſeat of Chriſt,* (Romans, xiv. 10,) and receiving their rewards.

The judge is ſeated, "amidſt a blaze "of light," on a ſmall rainbow; and is completely encircled by another "orbi-"cular," or rather oval one. Under him are ſome wreathed, or "tiſſued," clouds; which he may be imagined in the act of propelling, or "directing with his feet."

Juſt

Juſt beneath theſe clouds, a large rainbow extends over the Holy City; in front of which the dead are ſeen riſing out of their graves.

In the midſt of theſe, a little raiſed above the level of the ground, lie the *mortales exuviæ* of Queen Elizabeth. The body is in robes of ſtate, with her ruff on the neck: her head reſts on two pillows, laced and ornamented with taſſels; and a globe is at her feet. On the ground, beſide her, lie a crown, ſcepter, and ſword of ſtate. At the ſame time, her *Spirit* is ſeen above kneeling before the Judge; and receiving from him the *crown of life*. She is kneeling juſt before his right hand, with her hair looſely flowing, habited in a white robe; and is attended by four virgins ſimilarly habited, bearing in their hands *their lamps burning*. ——This is indeed beſide my immediate purpoſe; which was only to notice, what particularly illuſtrates Milton's deſcription.



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But this circumſtance makes the print curious; and gives reaſon to imagine, that it was likely to have attracted the attention of a young obſervant mind *.

172. *Swindges the ſcaly horror of his folded tail.*]

A lion is deſcribed in Sylveſter's Du Bartas,

——————SWINDGING, with his ſinewy train,
Sometimes his ſides, ſometimes the duſty plain,—
p. 123.

I might refer to the ſame ſource, for other conſtituent parts of this fine Miltonic line. — Among the *meteorous* appearances of the aërial region, the poet deſcribes a dragon with a voluminous fiery tail;

Here a fierce dragon FOLDED all in fire; p. 33.

and he terms the deſert, through which the Lord conducted the Iſraelites,

* This print is alſo in the 4to edition of 1613.



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the SANDY HORROR

Of a vast desert,—[illegible] p. [illegible]

183. *A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament;*]

To pearly tears mournings and sad LAMENTS; p. 439.

——deep sighs and sweet LAMENTS. p. 455.

200. ——*mooned Ashtaroth*—]

The MOONY standards of proud *Ottoman*. p. 19.

202. ——*girt with taper's holy shine,*]

—— all illuster'd with light's radiant SHINE,— p. 12.

—— in Wisdom's radient SHINE,—— p. 448.

223. ——*his dusky eyn;*—]

*Eyn* for *eyes* is frequent with Sylvester; as is *teen* for *teeth*, and *treen* for *trees*.

THE

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## THE PASSION.

34. *The leaves ſhould all be black whereon I write,*
*And letters where my tears have waſh'd a wanniſh white.*]

Mr. Warton, who juſtly brands this idea as "childiſh," points out the ſource of it. "Conceits," ſays he, "were now "not confined to words only. Mr. Steevens has a volume of elegies, in which "the paper, in all the title-pages, is "black, and the letters white. Every "intermediate leaf is alſo black."—But it happens that I can, in this inſtance, refer you to the *wanniſh white tears* of Joſhua Sylveſter, imprinted on *a black leaf*, by Humfrey Lownes. Actually *inter ſcribendum* *, I happen to have become poſſeſſed of the quarto edition of Sylveſter's Du Bartas, printed by H. Lownes, in 1613; prefixed to which is the *third* Edi-

* Since the firſt ſheet was printed off.



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tion of Sylveſter's Funeral ELEGY on Prince Henry, moſt curiouſly decorated with emblems of mortality. There are two title-pages; or leaves. The firſt contains, in a white page, (the back of which is black,) the date of the year and the name of the printer, together with a Star, the *ſign* of his houſe, as a central ornament, inſtead of a title. This page is ſupported by four erect figures, two on each ſide. One is a corpſe in a winding ſheet, which is collected at the head and feet in a knot or taſſel; but ſo as to leave three parts of the face viſible. The other three figures are deaths; or ſkeletons. I know not exactly which to denominate them; as they have none of the uſual *inſignia* of the *Grim Tyrant:* and yet they are marked by an air of *character* and *vitality*, that is very ſtriking. You would remark in the drawing ſome ignorance of anatomy; but the attitudes of the figures, and the expreſſion of the countenances, have much merit. The ſecond leaf is black

on

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on both ſides; the title-page is of a deeper black than the other black pages; and the letters in which the title is printed are now exactly of a *wanniſh white*. Some allowance muſt be made for time; but I conceive they were never of a clear white. I muſt not omit to mention, that the title is "LACHRYMÆ LACHRYMARUM, or "THE SPIRIT OF TEARS, diſtilled for "the untimely Death, &c. &c." The ELEGY itſelf, which conſiſts of eleven pages, has the back of each leaf black, with the royal arms upon it, in the ſame wan white; and the ſides of the printed pages are decorated, or ſupported, in the ſame manner as the firſt-mentioned title-page: except, that, in four pages, the corpſe in the winding-ſheet is omitted, and a *fourth* OSSEA LARVA is ſubſtituted in its place *. Of theſe *oſſeæ larvæ* there are,

* Tum quoque factorum veniam memor *umbra* tuorum,
Inſequar et vultus *oſſea larva* tuos.
. . . . . Ovid. IBIS. 144.



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in the whole, nine or ten different figures, which are designed with material variations. Some are standing among a heap of human skulls and bones, which rise quite up to their middle; some have a smaller quantity, only up to their knees; and others are seen *pede libero* on a plain unincumbered ground. Some are drawn variously *en profil*; in some, the figure is exhibited *par derriere*; in others, it is presented *direct*, with the countenance *full*, and grimly expressive. Some of these latter materially serve to illustrate Milton's

Grinn'd horribly a ghastly smile,———
PAR. LOST. ii. 846.

"The Grim Feature," in more than one instance, expresses a high degree of delight, through its characteristic ghastliness: which is admirably preserved. The publication is curious; and would not fail to attract the attention of any person. I have trespassed on your patience, by this description of it, from a wish to shew, how

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how impoſſible it was for it not to impreſs a young and curious mind.——Milton was only five years old, when this 4to edition of Sylveſter's Du Bartas was publiſhed.—— Poſſibly Milton's father and Lownes were in habits of intimacy; and books, printed by the one, ſoon found their way to the houſe of the other; and there made a part of the library, which furniſhed young Milton with his earlieſt reading. — I might hence ſuggeſt an earlier date for Milton's firſt acquaintance with Sylveſter's Du Bartas, than I had at firſt done; and I might, not unfoundedly perhaps, conjecture it to have been one of the firſt books of poetry, (if not the very firſt,) which he peruſed.—At all events you will, I think, allow, that the wanniſh white letters, produced by the tears of the mourner on the black leaves of his lugubrious page, are the *Lachryme Lachrymarum* of Sylveſter, from the preſs of Lownes; a circumſtance, that cannot but ſtrengthen my general *hypotheſis*.



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41. *There doth my ſoul in holy viſion ſit,*
*In penſive trance, and anguiſh, and ecſtatic fit.*]

And yet far higher is this HOLY FIT,
When, ——— from fleſh cares acquit,
The wakeful ſoul itſelf aſſembling ſo
All ſelfly dies,———————
But above all that's the DIVINEST TRANCE,
When the ſoul's eye beholds God's countenance.
p. 178.

———ECSTASIED in a HOLY TRANCE;—
p. 528.

## AT A SOLEMN MUSIC.

17. *That we on earth with undiſcording voice*
*May rightly anſwer that melodious noiſe;*
*As once we did, till diſproportion'd Sin*
*Jarr'd againſt Nature's chime, and with harſh din*
*Broke the fair muſic that all creatures made*
*To their great Lord, whoſe love their motion ſway'd*
*In perfect diapaſon, whilſt they ſtood*
*In firſt obedience and their ſtate of good.*]

The FURIES, or iii d. Part of the 1ſt. Day of the ii d. Week, of Sylveſter's Du Bartas,

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Bartas, deſcribes the fatal conſequences of the FALL. The ARGUMENT of it opens thus:

The world's transform'd from what it was at firſt;
For Adam's ſin all creatures elſe accurſ'd;
THEIR HARMONY DISTUNED BY HIS JAR:
Yet all again CONCENT, to make him war; &c.
p. 201.

where the two laſt lines may illuſtrate a preceding verſe in this finely-conceived, and exquiſitely-finiſhed, little poem;

That UNDISTURBED ſong of pure CONCENT,—

The Book itſelf, after an invocation, thus begins;

Ere that our fire, (O too too proudly baſe!)
Turn'd tail to God, and to the fiend his face,
This mighty world did ſeem an inſtrument
True-ſtrung, well-tun'd, and handled excellent;
Whoſe ſymphony reſounded, ſweetly ſhrill,
The Almighty's praiſe,——————

While

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While man ſerv'd God, the world ſerv'd him; the 'live
And lifeleſs creatures ſeemed all to ſtrive
In ſweet accord; the baſe with high rejoic'd,
The hot with cold, the ſolid with the moiſt;
And innocent Aſtræa did combine
All with the maſtic of a Love Divine.

For th' hidden love that now a days doth hold
The ſteel and loadſtone, *Hydrargire* and gold,
Is but a ſpark and ſhadow of that love,
Which at the firſt in every thing did move,
When the earth's Muſes with harmonious ſound
To Heaven's ſweet muſick humbly did reſound.
But Adam, being chief of all the ſtrings
Of this large lute, o'er-reached, quickly brings
All out of tune; and now, for melody
Of warbling charms, it yells ſo hideouſly,
That it affrights fell *Enyon* *, who turmoils
To riſe again old Chaos' antique broils. p. 202.

I muſt requeſt you here to make ſome allowance for the *ſtylus Enniani ſæculi.*

* The ſame as Bellona, ſiſter to Mars, and Goddeſs of Battle. *Gloſſary to Sylveſter.* See Milton's iv th. Elegy, ver. 75.

I might

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I might obſerve to you, that "*Plutuſy*," ver. 5, "*Noiſe*" for Muſic, ver. 18, and "*Diapaſon*," ver. 23, ſimilarly uſed, are all to be found in Sylveſter. At preſent I haſten to the two delightful poems of L'ALLEGRO and IL PENSEROSO; in each of which I ſhall point out an obligation, or two, to my worm-eaten volume.

## L'ALLEGRO.

10. ——*dark Cimmerian deſert,*——]

Mr. Warton, having obſerved that "Cimmerian darkneſs was a common al-"luſion in the poetry then written and "ſtudied," cites inſtances from Shakeſpeare, Fletcher, and Spenſer. It is alſo frequent in Sylveſter;

The

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The ſad black horror of CIMMERIAN miſts,—
p. 7.

——————blind ignorance
Groping about in ſuch CIMMERIAN nights,—
p. 272.

From a CIMMERIAN dark deep dungeon,—
p. 435.

Man's eyes are ſealed up with CIMMERIAN miſt.
p. 527.

11. ————*thou Goddeſs fair and free,*]

In Sylveſter's Du Bartas, it is ſaid, God created the Angels,

———immortal, innocent,
Good, FAIR, and FREE;——— p. 14.

25. *Haſte thee, Nymph, and bring with thee*
*Jeſt and youthful Jollity;*
*Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,*
*Nods and Becks and wreathed Smiles,*
*Such as hang on Hebe's cheek, &c. &c.*]

Pray juſt caſt your eye on Du Bartas's groupe of attendants on the "*laughter-*
"*loving*" goddeſs;

Fair

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Fair dainty Venus, ——————— ,
Whom wanton Dalliance, Dancing, and Delight,
Smiles, witty Wiles, Youth, Love, and Beauty bright,
With ſoft blind Cupids evermore conſort. p. 81.

45. *Then to come, in ſpite of ſorrow,*
*And at my window bid good-morrow.*]

Biſhop Newton takes occaſion, from this paſſage, to admit, with Dryden, that "*rhyme was not Milton's talent.*" "Several things," he obſerves, "are ſaid "by Milton, which would not have been "ſaid, but for the ſake of the rhyme;" and he particularly refers to the "*in* "*ſpite of ſorrow,*" in this place; which he intimates to be, what we uſed to call at ſchool a *botch*, a mere expletive, foiſted in *pro carminis uſu.* You and I, (who have a higher opinion of Milton's talent for rhime,) ſhould not, I believe, eaſily accede to this accuſation againſt him.—I had once ſuppoſed it intended ſtrongly to characteriſe the enlivening

livening effect of the lark's matin ſong, ſo as to diſpel at once any ſorrows of the preceding night; and poſſibly with a recollection of the Pſalmiſt's, *Sorrow may endure for a night; but joy cometh in the morning.* Pſalm xxx. 5.—But I think you will agree with me, that we muſt, in this inſtance, look *only* to Sylveſter's Du Bartas: where the Poet is deſcribing the happineſs of him, who leads a country life;

> The chearful birds, CHIRPING HIM SWEET GOOD MORROW,
> With Nature's muſic DO BEGUILE HIS SORROW.
> p. 70.

50. *While the cock, &c.*
*Stoutly ſtruts his dames before.*]

> Ev'n as a peacock ——————
> To woo his miſtreſs, STRUTTING STATELY BY HER, &c. &c. p. 76.

78. *Meadows trim with daiſies pied,*]

*Trim* is no unfrequent epithet for meadows in Sylveſter:

—the

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——— the flowers that paint THE FIELDS so TRIM. p. 48.

The eternal verdure, and the TRIM PROSPECT
Of plenteous paſtures,——— p. 309.

*Pied*, for variegated, is alſo *Sylveſtrian*.—Moſt readers, I ſuſpect, have applied *pied* to the daiſies themſelves; and I confeſs, that I attributed Milton's "pied daiſies" to Shakeſpeare's

——— DAISIES PIED and violets blue,

in the ſong, at the end of AS YOU LIKE IT. But we may as well underſtand his meadows to have been *variegated* with daiſies; as are thoſe in Sylveſter's Du Bartas:

In May THE MEADS are not ſo PIED WITH FLOWRS. p. 974.

Where, in his deſcription of Eden, we have the ſame idea;

With thouſand *dies* he *motleys* all the *meads*.
p. 171.

*Pied*

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*Pied* is there alſo applied to flowers themſelves;

——————each bed and border
Is, like PIED POSIES, diverſe dies and order.
p. 180.

85. ——————*their ſav'ry dinner—*
*Of herbs and other country meſſes,*
*Which the neat-handed Phyllis dreſſes.*]

Sylveſter deſcribes the fruits of the Gárden of Eden, yielding

More wholeſome food than all THE MESSES,
That now taſte-curious wanton plenty DRESSES.
p. 171.

94. ——————*the jocund rebecks ſound,*]

The *rebeck*, as Mr. Warton has noticed in the ſecond edition of his Milton, is mentioned, by Sylveſter, as an inſtrument with ſtrings of catgut;

But wiery cymbals, REBECKS' SINEWS TWIN'D,
Sweet virginals, and cornet's curled wind.
p. 231.

95. *To*

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95. *To many a youth, and many a maid,*
*Dancing, &c.*]

I think I have ſeen it ſomewhere obſerved, that this line much expreſſes the *bounding* of a dance. I will beg you to compare the feſtive dance of Solomon's Courtiers, maſked as Heathen Deities, in the revels celebrating his nuptials;

Here MANY A Phœbus, and here MANY A Muſe,—
Here MANY A Juno, MANY A Pallas here,
Here MANY A Venus, and Diana clear,
Here MANY A horned Satyr, MANY A Pan,
Here Wood-Nymphs, Flood-Nymphs, MANY A Fairy Fawn,
With lufty friſks and lively *bounds*, &c. &c. p. 459.

125. *There let Hymen oft appear*
*In ſaffron robe,——*]

Mr. Warton exhibits ſeveral inſtances of our old poets' introducing Hymen in "his ſaffron coat." Sylveſter gives him *robes* of that colour:

In SAFFRON ROBES and all his ſolemn rites,
Thrice-ſacred HYMEN ſhall with ſmiling chear
Unite in one two loving Turtles dear,



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And chain with holy charms their willing hands,
Whoſe hearts are link'd in Love's eternal bands.

p. 123.

131. *Then to the well-trod ſtage anon.*]

I have formerly thought the "*anon*" in this place a feeble expletive, or rather an intolerably aukward botch; and felt inclined to apply to it Biſhop Newton's objections to verſe 45.—But I begin to ſuſpect, that it is not without its effect in quick tranſitions of deſcription: at leaſt I am in a great degree reconciled to it, from ſome paſſages in Sylveſter's Du Bartas.—At preſent I will only juſt lay before you, from thence, the various *chearful* Paradiſiacal delights of Adam in a ſtate of Innocence;

Here he beneath a fragrant hedge repoſes,
Full of all kinds of ſweet all-coloured roſes;
ANON he walketh in a level lane,
On either ſide beſet with ſhady plane;——
ANON he ſtalketh, with an eaſy ſtride,
By ſome clear river's lily-paved ſide;——

Muſing

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Muſing ANON through crooked walks he wanders,
Round-winding rings, and intricate meanders;—
p. 180.

*Anon* is a moſt frequent word with Sylveſter; perhaps more repeatedly uſed by him than any other, if we except *ay* for *ever*.—Milton has uſed *anon* with good effect in his greater poems. PAR. LOST. i. 549. PAR. REG. i. 304.

136. ——— *ſoft Lydian airs,*
*Married to immortal verſe,*]

This expreſſion, of *marrying* words and muſic, is moſt abundant in Sylveſter's Du Bartas. Thus, where the birds in Paradiſe are deſcribed accompanying with their ſongs the hymns of the Angels;

Where thouſand ſorts of birds both night and day,
MARRYING THEIR SWEET TUNES TO THE ANGELS' LAYS,
Sung Adam's bliſs, and their great Maker's praiſe.
p. 172.



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And, where the Iſraelites are rejoicing after having paſſed through the Red Sea;

They ſkip and dance, and MARRYING ALL THEIR VOICES
To timbrels, haut-boys, and loud cornets' noiſes,
Make all the ſhores reſound, and all the coaſts,
With the ſhrill praiſes of the Lord of Hoſts.
p. 364.

And again;

But, when to the muſic choice
Of thoſe nimble joints ſhe MARRIES
The echo of her angel-voice,
Then the praiſe and prize ſhe carries,
Both from Orpheus and Amphion,
Shaming Linus and Arion. p. 1266.

IL

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# IL PENSEROSO.

1. *Hence vain deluding joys, &c.*—]

Among the various works, which compose the folio edition of Sylvester's Du Bartas, (as it is commonly called,) are the TROPHIES AND TRAGEDY OF HENRY THE GREAT, translated from the French of Piere Mathiew. The part termed the Tragedy, which describes the death of the King, opens with the following exclamation;

Hence, hence, FALSE PLEASURES, MOMENTARY JOYS!
MOCK US NO MORE WITH YOUR ILLUDING TOYS!
A strange mishap, hatched in hell below,
Has plung'd us all in deepest gulf of woe;
Taught us that ALL WORLD'S HOPES AS DREAMS DO FLY, &c. p. 1084.



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*6. And fancies fond with gaudy ſhapes poſſeſs,*
*As thick and numberleſs*
*As the gay moats that people the ſun-beams,*
*Or likeſt hov'ring dreams, &c.*]

Here we muſt, beyond all queſtion, refer to the following deſcription of dreams, in Du Bartas's *Cave of Sleep*;

Confuſedly about the ſilent bed,
FANTASTIC SWARMS OF DREAMS THERE HOVERED,
GREEN, RED, AND YELLOW, TAWNY, BLACK, AND BLUE;
They make no noiſe but right reſemble may
TH' UNNUMBER'D MOATS THAT IN THE SUNBEAMS PLAY; p. 316.

Where, afterwards,

The GAUDY ſwarm of dreams is put to flight,

Mr. Warton alſo, in the ſecond edition of his Milton, poſitively refers the imagery in this part of the Penſeroſo to Du Bartas's Cave of Sleep.

22. ——*thou*

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22. ——*thou art higher far deſcended* — —

31. ——*penſive Nun, devout and pure,*
*Sober, ſteadfaſt, and demure,* — — —
*Come, but keep thy wonted ſtate,*
*With even ſtep, and muſing gait,*
*And looks commercing with the ſkies, &c.*]

Some of theſe *traits*, in Milton's "Pen-"ſive Nun," might be referred to the following perſonification of Wiſdom;

Laſt Wiſdom come SWITH SOBER COUNTENANCE;
To the Heavenly bowers her oft aloft t' advance,
The light Mamuques' * wingleſs wings ſhe has;
Her GESTURE COOL, as COMELY GRAVE HER PACE,— p. 447.

Where ſhe is deſcribed;

Ay, like herſelf; and ſhe doth always trace
Not only THE SAME PATH, but THE SAME PACE.
p. 448.

* The Mamuque, or Bird of Paradiſe, is deſcribed in the Fifth Day of the Firſt Week; where it is ſaid,

*Wingleſs* they fly; and yet their flight extends,
Till with their flight their unknown life's date ends.
p. 108.



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And ſhe is likewiſe characteriſed

——— a HIGH-DESCENDED Queen. p. 449.

43. *With a ſad leaden downward caſt*
*Thou fix them on the earth as faſt;*]

Du Bartas's *Geometry* is deſcribed

That ſallow-fac'd, ſad, ſtooping nymph, whoſe EYE
Still ON THE GROUND is FIXED STEDFASTLY;
p. 289.

66. *On the dry ſmooth-ſhaven green,*]

*Smooth-ſhaven*, for *new-mown*, is uſed by Sylveſter: he is deſcribing a luminous ſummer meteor,

Seeming amidſt the NEW-SHAV'N FIELDS to light.
p. 432.

97. ——— *gorgeous tragedy*
*In ſcepter'd pall come ſweeping by;*]

The conſtellation Virgo is repreſented in Sylveſter's Du Bartas,

SWEEPING Heaven's azure globe
WITH STATELY TRAIN of her bright golden robe; p. 77.

I do

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I do not mean *materially* to refer the "ſcepter'd pall" of Milton to a fine uſe of the ſame epithet in Sylveſter. I beg, however, to cite it.—Moſes is repreſented,

Arm'd with his wand, wherewith he was to quell
The SCEPTER'D PRIDE of many an Infidel;
p. 965.

By the by! Had not Gray read Sylveſter's Du Bartas? And has he not ſome obligations to this paſſage, for two fine images in his ſublime Ode?

Such were the ſounds, that o'er the CRESTED PRIDE
Of the firſt Edward ſcatter'd wild diſmay,
BARD. St. i. 1.

Be thine deſpair, and SCEPTER'D CARE,——
Ibid. iii. 3.

In his other Ode, he has alſo the Eagle,

Perching on the SCEPTER'D HAND
Of Jove,——————
PROGRESS OF POETRY, St. i. 2.

Where

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Where his fortunate tranſlation of Pindar's

Ευδει ανα σκαπτῳ Διο-αιτιο,

PYTH. Ode i. 10.

might ſolely have ſupplied his "ſcepter'd "care;" and his "creſted pride" he has himſelf attributed to Dryden's

——CRESTED Adder's PRIDE,——

INDIAN QUEEN.

That you may not think me indecently ſlippant, in my *ready* imputation of imitation, from very ſlight grounds, on a man of ſuch abundant and elevated genius as Gray, I muſt obſerve to you, that I have other reaſons for ſuppoſing him to have enriched his compoſitions from my old folio. His intended Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry, you know, made his acquaintance with it a neceſſary taſk.—But to the point! No part of his noble ode has, I believe, been more generally and juſtly admired, than his deſcription of the deſolation of France

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France by the victories of Edward the Black Prince;

——what terrors round him wait!
Amazement in his van, with Flight combin'd,
And Sorrow's faded form and Solitude behind!

But how ſhall we acquit this of material obligations to Sylveſter's Du Bartas? After a fine perſonification of WAR, it is there ſaid;

FEAR and DESPAIR, FLIGHT and DISORDER coaſt,
With haſty march, BEFORE HER MURD'ROUS HOST;
And SORROW, POVERTY, AND DESOLATION,
FOLLOW HER ARMY'S BLOODY TRANSMIGRATION. p. 207.

I conceive, that Gray could not look with attention into Sylveſter's Du Bartas, without carrying off in his mind many poetical images and expreſſions. I could bring more proofs of this, were it not beſide my preſent purpoſe.



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99. *Preferring Thebes, or Pelop's line,*
*Or the tale of Troy divine.*]

For the ſubjects of tragedy, Du Bartas had before ſuggeſted

——————tyrants' bloody geſts
Of THEBES, MYCENÆ, or proud ILION.
p. 525.

102. ——————*the buſkin'd ſtage.*]

Sylveſter has, "the BUSKIN'D muſe," but only in the ſenſe of *lofty*, and not meaning particularly to diſtinguiſh the Muſe of Tragedy;

Leaving therefore his war's diſcourſe to thoſe,
Whoſe BUSKIN'D MUSE Bellona's march outgoes,—
p. 1065.

121. *Thus might oft ſee me in thy pale carreer.*]

"*Pale carreer*" is the moon's courſe. The night of the poet's penſive man is a moon light night; and what had been ſaid, from ver. 77, muſt be underſtood in a great degree parenthetical.

*Carreer,*

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*Carreer*, for the courſe of the ſun, moon, and planets, is the *regular* word of Sylveſter;

——— the ſun's bright eye,
CARREERING daily once about the ſky— p. 11.

——— thy brave ſteeds ſtood ſtill,
In full CARREER ſtopping thy whirling wheel.
p. 90.

When we can ſtop th' accuſtomed CARREER
Of Heaven's bright champion, mounted on the dawn, p. 1176.

Where alſo the moon is not only termed the

——— PALE Queen of Night, p. 149.

but ſhe is likewiſe repreſented driving.

——— her PALE COURSERS——— p. 88.

which may corroborate a reading, PAR. LOST, i. 786, ſuggeſted by Mr. Capel Loft, of *courſers* for *courſe*.

123. —*trick'd*

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123. ——————*trick'd and frounc'd*——]

*Trick'd*, for *gorgeouſly dreſt*, is uſed by Sylveſter in his tranſlation of Du Bartas's JUDITH; where the heroine, ornamented for her purpoſe, is deſcribed,

So brave a gallant, TRICK'D and trimmed ſo,
p. 986.

141. ——————*day's gariſh eye*,]

DAY's glorious EYE,—————— p. 84.

157. ——————*the high embowed roof*,]

Thus, reſpecting Solomon's Temple;

And what huge ſtrength of HANGING VAULTS EMBOWD
Bears ſuch a weight above the winged cloud.
p. 465.

ARCADES.

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## ARCADES.

23 *Juno dares not give her odds;*
*Who had thought this clime had held*
? *A duty ſo unparallel'd?*]

When a literary lady, of your acquaintance, once aſked Dr. Johnſon, "why "Milton, who could write ſo ſublimely "on other occaſions, produced ſuch poor "ſonnets *?", his anſwer was, "Ma-"dam! Milton could cut a Coloſſus out "of a rock, but he could not carve "a head upon a cherry-ſtone.". The ſame *coloſſal* critic has alſo predicated of

* It *remains to be ſhewed*, that Milton's ſonnets "are *poor*;" as well as that ſonnet-writing is a mere *knack*, the "cherry-ſtone-carving of poetry." Several of Milton's ſonnets would contradict both theſe ideas: but, although he has dignified them with ſublime thoughts, and numbers highly poetic, there is, it muſt be allowed, frequently a want of that nicer and more artificial finiſhing, which is juſtly required in ſhort compoſitions.

Milton,

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Milton, that " he never learned the art " of doing little things with grace ;" and that " he was a *lion*, who had no ſkill in " *dandling the kid*."—The Miltonic muſe indeed was little accuſtomed

——— Dionæo ſub antro
*Quærere* modos leviore plectro;

neither was ſhe any ways calculated for the *legéreté* of common ſong writing. The three principal ſongs in COMUS, although Dr. Johnſon has cenſured the diction of them as harſh, are exquiſitely beautiful; but they are not *common* ſongs, and the ſubjects of them are in fact *majoris plectri*. Milton's ſong on May Day has been juſtly admired; as the greateſt part of it well deſerves. Lord Monboddo, in ſome obſervations with which he favoured me, reſpecting Milton's rhyming verſe, ſays it is the prettieſt little poem in our language: but I confeſs that, to my ear, it cloſes in a manner rather flat and inſipid. The concluſion of the two laſt ſongs, in this

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this ENTERTAINMENT, is perfectly vapid and spiritless;

Such a rural queen,
All Arcadia hath not seen.

I am tempted to say with Desdemona, "O most lame and impotent conclusion!" This first song is also rather stiff throughout, and by no means fortunate in its conclusion; especially where, in comparing the lady patroness to the heathen deities, he borrows the language of a Newmarket jocky:

Juno dares not *give her odds:*

The same thought has been much better managed by Sylvester, in a masque sonnet to Queen Anne, consort of James I. Old Joshua was certainly not a *cherry-stone-carving* poet: at least he did himself no credit, by his attempts in the *minutiæ* of poetry. I do not, indeed, present him to you as the *lion* of poets; but I think you will agree with me, that, in the following

loving ſong, he "dandles his kid" not unſkilfully; and with much grace, for the age in which he wrote. Ben Jonſon's MASQUES are now before me; and I do not, at this moment, ſtumble upon any thing there, by any means ſo pleaſing.

I.

Hie we, hie we, ſiſter fairies!
Dead our comfort, deep our care is,
  While we miſs our miſtreſs' grace;
  In the mirror of whoſe face
Majeſty and mildneſs meet,
Stately ſhining, ſmiling ſweet:
  In whoſe boſom
  Ay repoſe 'em
All the honours of Diana:
Say who ſaw, our Glory, Anna?

II.

This way, this way, Grace did guide her;
Cou'd ſo rich a jewel hide her,
  So unſeen, that none can ſay,
  Whether ſhe is gone this way?
Or doth Envy make you mum?
Or hath wonder ſtruck you dumb?
  Io, ſiſters!
  Here's our miſtreſs!

Io,

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Io, fairies! we have found her;
Dance we, rapt with joy, around her!

III.

Hail, all hail, O Queen of Graces!
Whoſe aſpect auſpicious chaſes
All our fears and cares away,
Clearing all with chearful ray;
Whom whoever never ſaw
Knows not Virtue's love nor law!
Bounty's preſence,
Beauty's pleaſance!
Model and divine idea,
Both of Pallas and Aſtrea!

IV.

Welcome, welcome, Phenix royal!
Wills and walls thee echo loyal;
In all Faerie is not found
A more happy piece of ground,
Than your preſence maketh here;
Where, together with your pheere *,
All we wiſh you,
And your iſſue,
With all joys of Grace internal,
Outward Glory and eternal.

* Companion, conſort, lover.



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This little poem you will not find in the folio edition of 1621. It firſt appeared among the *Poſthumi*, (or, verſes of Sylveſter never before publiſhed,) at the end of the *ſecond* folio edition, 1633; which I have only juſt now ſeen. As I do not mean to ſuppoſe any obligations to this ſong, on the part of Milton, it is needleſs to enquire, whether the *Arcades* was then written *. But I muſt obſerve to you, that theſe *Poſthumi*, or at leaſt ſome of them, were, I ſuſpect, known to Milton in the year 1625. They were probably communicated to H. Lownes, after the appearance of his edition of 1621 †. In 1625 Milton wrote his little poem

* The *Arcades* was probably written in 1633.

† The ſecond folio edition was printed, in 1633, by Robert Young; who probably ſucceeded to the preſs of Humfrey Lownes, as the plates and ornaments of Lownes's 4to and folio edition are retained in this. There is alſo, at the end of the *poſthumous* ſonnets, a plate, repreſenting probably the ſign of Young's houſe. The deſign is, two hands

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poem, On the Death of a fair Infant; which opens beautifully;

hands holding an anchor, with a ſnake twined round it; and it is ſupported on one ſide by Lownes's ſtar, or ſign, and on the other by Peter Short's ſtar. Though the ſign of theſe two printers was equally *a ſtar*, yet Lownes adopted a very *different* ſtar from his predeceſſor. The ſign of Peter Short is a bible open, held by a hand in the middle of a very bright ſtar with twenty *radii*, of which eight are tortuous, and twelve are direct; and the motto round it is, *Et uſque ad nubes veritas tua*. Lownes's ſign was a ſtar, ſingly, with twelve radiations, ſix tortuous and ſix direct; and his motto is, *Os homini ſublime dedit*. The *former ſtar* is prefixed to ſix elegies on the death of Prince Henry, in 1613, printed at the Bread-ſtreet Hill preſs; and the letters P. S. under it, indicate it to have been Peter Short's ſign. To the ſame elegies is prefixed a poetical addreſs to the reader, ſigned H. L. (*i. e.* Humfrey Lownes,) and R. S. (probably Rachael or Rebecca Short, the widow of his predeceſſor). Lownes's *own ſtar* is prefixed to Sylveſter's Funeral Elegy on the Prince, printed the ſame year; and the letters H and D, on each ſide of it, indicate it to have been originally the ſign of Henry Denham, a printer of eminence at the Star in Pater Noſter Row about the year 1564.



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O Fairest Flower, no sooner blown but blasted!
Sweet silken Primrose, fading timelessly!
Summer's chief honour, if thou hadst outlasted
Bleak Winter's force, ———

Amongst Sylvester's *Posthumi*, is an ELEGY on DAME HELEN BRANCH, which thus laments her children, who died young;

But all these joys, alas! BUT LITTLE LASTED,
All these FAIR BLOSSOMS were UNTIMELY BLASTED;—

Surely here is something more than bare *coincidence!*

26. *Stay, gentle Swains, for, though in this disguise,*
*I see bright honour sparkle thro' your eyes;*]

Thus, speaking of Solomon masked;

But yet, whate'er he do or can devise,
DISGUISED GLORY SHINETH IN HIS EYES *.

P. 459.

* This similarity is noticed by Mr. Todd, in his much-enriched edition of Comus. Part i. p. 32.



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63. *To the celestial Syren's harmony*
*That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,*]

For, as they say, for superintendant there,
The supreme voice placed IN EVERY SPHERE
A SYREN SWEET; that from HEAVEN'S HARMONY
Inferior things might learn best melody. p. 301.

I need not point out to *your* ear, that the *rythm* of the second verse of this passage is frequent with Milton. It is, indeed, one of those, which Bentley would have proposed to amend by reading

The voice supreme,———

64. ——— *the nine-infolded spheres,*]

Of Du Bartas's *Urania* it is said,

Her NINE-FOLD voice did choicely imitate
Th' harmonious music of Heaven's nimble dance.
p. 526.

72. ——— *the heavenly tune, which none can hear,*
*Of human mold, with gross unpurged ear,*]

In Sylvester's Du Bartas, being *purged from passion* is a necessary qualification for

being admitted to the chorus of the heavenly muſes, and of the *Syrens of the Spheres*. The poet addreſſes the Deity,

Father of light! fountain of learned art!
Now, now, or never, PURGE my pureſt part!—
That, PURG'D FROM PASSION, thy divine addreſs
May guide me thro' Heaven's gliſt'ring palaces;
Where happily my dear *Urania's* grace,
And her fair ſiſters, I may all embrace;
And the MELODIOUS SYRENS OF THE SPHERES,
Charming my ſenſes with thoſe ſweets of theirs.

p. 286.

84. ——*ſmooth enamell'd green,*]

Mr. Warton ſays, that he had "ſuppoſed "modern poetry to have been originally "obliged to Milton for the epithet *en-* "*amell'd* in rural deſcription." But it occurs, as he has obſerved, repeatedly in Sylveſter's Du Bartas;

Th' ENAMELL'D meads—— p. 208.

Juſt in the midſt of this ENAMELL'D vale. p. 262.

Th' ENAMEL'D vallies, where the liquid glaſs,
Of ſilver brooks in curled ſtreams do paſs,

p. 282.

89. —*branching*

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89. ——— *branching elm ſtar-proof*——]

In the deſcription of Eden we have

——SUN-PROOF arbors—— p. 171.

[redacted]

## COMUS.

13. ——— *that golden key,*
*That opes the palace of eternity,*]

The bleſſed God ſhall, WITH HIS KEYS OF GRACE,
OPEN HEAVEN'S STORE-HOUSE to thy happy face. p. 375.

20. ——— *'twixt high and nether Jove,*]

Both UPPER JOVE'S and NETHER'S diverſe thrones; p. 1003.

116. ——— *wavering morrice*—]

The *moriſco*, or old mooriſh dance, is mentioned in Sylveſter's Du Bartas;

Here

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Here Wood-Nymphs, Flood-Nymphs, &c.
With luſty friſks and lively bounds bring in
Th' *antique*, MORISCO, or the *mattachine*. p 439.

141. ——— *when the dragon woom*
*Of Stygian darkneſs ſpets her thickeſt gloom,*]

The commentators on Milton, before Mr. Warton, were not at all aware that *ſpets* for *ſpits* is of the old ſchool of poeſy. If Mr. Warton had been acquainted with my old folio, he would probably have cited,

Maugre the deluge that ROME'S DRAGON SPET,
p. 60.

*Spet* for *ſpit* is very common with Sylveſter; and more eſpecially reſpecting dragons, and all the ſerpent kind.

With betony fell ſerpents round beſet,
Liſt up their heads, and fall to hiſs and SPET,
p. 62.

Into a ſerpent it did wholly change;
Crawling before the king, and all along
SPETTING and hiſſing with his forked tongue.
p. 336.

Which inſtantly turn into ſerpents top,
Hiſſing and SPETTING,——— ibid.

145. THE

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143. THE MEASURE.]

The following paſſage will illuſtrate Mr. Todd's explanation of "the meaſure," as "a court dance of a ſtately turn." The poet is repreſenting the revels at Solomon's nuptials.

Of all the ſports I'll onely chooſe one meaſure,
One STATELY MASK, compos'd of ſage ſweet pleaſure,
A dance ſo chaſte, ſo ſacred, and ſo grave.
p. 459.

207. —— *calling ſhapes and beck'ning ſhadows dire,*
*And airy tongues, that ſyllable men's names*
*On ſands and ſhores, and deſert wilderneſſes.*]

This tradition, as Mr. Warton has obſerved, is in Sylveſter's Du Bartas;

——— the deſert Op, where oft
By ſtrange Phantaſmas paſſengers are ſcoft.
p. 274.

214. *Thou hov'ring Angel, girt with golden wings.*]

I ſurely know the cherubims do HOVER
WITH FLAMING WINGS,——— p. 241.

219. — *a*

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219. ——— *a gliſt'ring guardian,—]*

*Gliſt'ring* is the Sylveſtrian epithet, characteriſtic of celeſtial radiance:

Thou glorious guide of Heaven's ſtar-GLIST'RING motion! p. 1.

May guide me through Heaven's GLIST'RING palaces. p. 286.

——— the Angel———
No ſooner enter'd, but the radiant ſhine
Of 's GLIST'RING wings, and of his glorious eyn,
As light as noon makes the dark houſe of night.
p. 316.

230. *Sweet Echo, ſweeteſt nymph, that liv'ſt unſeen*
*Within thy airy ſhell,*
*By ſlow Meander's margent green,*
*And in the violet-embroider'd vale, &c.]*

——— ATE's DAUGHTER Echo! p. 172.

Loud her bugle-horn ſhe blew;
Babbling Echo, VOICE OF VALLIES,
AIRY ELF EXEMPT FROM VIEW,
With the foreſt muſic dallies;——— p. 1210.

232. *By*

232. *By slow Meander's margent green,*]

——on Cedron's MARGENT GREENLY GAY;—
p. 342.

250. ——— *fell Charybdis*—]

Through FELL CHARYBDIS, and false Syrtes neſſe; p. 216.

297. *Their port was more than human,*]

A MORE THAN HUMAN knowledge beautifies
His princely actions;——— p. 449.

And richly arm'd in MORE THAN HUMAN MIND;—
p. 508.

301. ——— *the plighted clouds.*—]

Mr. Warton ſays he does not remember the word *plighted* in any other writer.—But, in Sylveſter's Du Bartas, Elijah is deſcribed,

——ſmiting Jordan with his PLIGHTED cloak;—

where "plighted" is *folded*, i. e. *collected together by compreſſing in the hand.*—Mr. Warton ſuppoſes, that *plighted*, in this paſſage of Milton, means *braided* or *embroidered*;

*broidered*; but I conceive it to have literally the meaning of plighted, or *plaited*, and to be merely intended to designate the triple *plaits, folds*, or *rows of colour* in the rainbow.

331: *Unmuffle, ye faint ſtars*—]

Mr. Warton, to ſhew that *muffle* was at that time a poetical word, having cited the uſe of it in Drayton and Browne, exhibits alſo the following paſſage from Sylveſter's Du Bartas;

While night's BLACK MUFFLER HOODETH up the ſkies. p. 198.

Had he looked a little farther into the book, he might have found inſtances more in point, and not ſo nearly bordering on the ludicrous. For inſtance;

The ſable fumes of hell's infernal vault
MUFFLED the face of that profound abyſs. p. 7.

A night of clouds MUFFLED their brows about; p. 44.

As when THE MUFFLED HEAVENS have wept amain, p. 48.

A ſable

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A ſable air ſo MUFFLES UP the ſky; p. 491.

And ſpeaking of the moon,

If then her brows be MUFFLED with a frown,—
p. 770.

335. *In double night of darkneſs and of ſhades;*]

DOUBLE-NIGHTED in dark error,— p. 1177.

This paſſage from Sylveſter is in one of his SPECTACLES; ſhort poems of an epigrammatic form, and highly moral or religious caſt. They are intitled, *Perſpective Spectacles, of eſpecial Uſe to diſcern the World's Vanity, Levity, and Brevity.* As a ſpecimen, I will beg to preſent you not only with the one in queſtion, but its counterpart alſo.

DIES.

Now the day, the ſun's bright ſon,
Now-awake begins diſcover,
Mountain tops new-gilded over,
With his ruddy rays thereon:
That, methinks, ſhould make us think
Of that true eternal morning,
When no night ſhall be returning,
When both Heaven and earth ſhall ſhrink.

NOX.

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Not.

When the night's black curtain ſpread
Hides the day and light bereaveth,
Then my wak'ning thought conceiveth
Other night, more dark, more dread;
There where wordlings, wilful-blind,
Loath inſtruction, leave light's mirror,
Double-nighted in dark error;
Quenching inborn light of mind.

342. ——— *Cynoſura*—]

I neglected to obſerve to you, when this word is uſed in the ALLEGRO, that it occurs in a paſſage of Sylveſter; which I conceive is not unworthy your attention.

As iron, touch'd by the Adamant's effect,
To the north pole doth ever point direct;
So the ſoul, touch'd once by the ſecret power
Of a true lively faith, looks every hour
To the bright lamp, which ſerves for CYNOSURE
To all that ſail upon the ſea obſcure. p. 151.

353. *Perhaps ſome cold bank is her bolſter now.*]

This kind of verſe, (where the ſecond and third feet, being *ſpondees*, completely break

break the Iambic rythm,) is not unfrequent with Milton: and it is upon many occaſions highly pleaſing to my ear. Verſes of this rythm are moſt abundant in Sylveſter; and they are ſometimes forcibly illuſtrated by a verſe immediately following of a highly muſical caſt, or peculiarly ſonorous effect. The following paſſage is, in ſome degree, an inſtance;

Another certifies his reſurrection
Unto the women, whoſe faith's imperfection
Suppos'd HIS COLD LIMBS IN the Grave were bound,
UNTILL TH' ARCH-ANGEL'S LOFTY TRUMP SHOULD SOUND. p. 17.

Theſe obſervations, on the mere rythm of verſe, would to many perſons appear ſuperfluouſly minute: when addreſſed to you, they are

φωνᾶντα ΣΥΝΕΤΟΙΣΙΝ. —

421. ——— *clad in complete ſteel,*]

The following paſſage may tend to corroborate Mr. Warton's obſervation,



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that "this was a common expreſſion for "being armed from head to foot." The Poet is deſcribing a challenger in a combat;

Who arms himſelf ſo COMPLETE every way,
That the defendant, in the heat of fight,
Finds no part open for his blade to light.

p. 120.

where you will obſerve the accentuation *cōmplēte*. In the Paradiſe Loſt it is uniformly *cŏmplēte*.

If *complete* is in a certain degree *technical* for full armour, may we not ſimilarly underſtand Shakeſpeare's

—— armorers ACCOMPLISHING the knights,

in the eminently fine chorus in his HENRY Vth?

422. ——— *a quiver'd Nymph*—]

In Sylveſter's Du Bartas, Diana is entitled, from the claſſical *pharetrata*,

——— fair Latona's QUIVER'D darling dear;

p. 5. 495. —*to*

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595. —— *to hear thy madrigal.*]

Mr. Warton ſeems to think *madrigal* technical, rather than poetical; and ſuppoſes, that it had a reference to the madrigals compoſed by Lawes. But it is a word of much poetical effect. Du Bartas's URANIA, ſpeaking of her ſiſter Muſes, ſays,

I grant, my learned ſiſters warble fine,
And raviſh millions with their MADRIGALS.

p. 526.

561. —— *took in ſtrains that might create a ſoul*
*Under the ribs of Death,*—]

It has been propoſed to read,

—— took in ſtrains might *recreate* a ſoul,——

In Sylveſter's Du Bartas we have a paſſage *non prorſus alienum*;

O cordial word! O comfortable breath!
REVIVING SOULS, EV'N IN THE GATES OF DEATH; P. 787.



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605. *Harpies and Hydras, all the monſtrous forms,*
*Twixt Africa and Inde,—*]

*Harpies* and *Hydras*, as Mr. Warton obſerves, are a combination in an enumeration of monſters, in DU BARTAS;

The ugly Gorgons, and the Sphinxes fell,
HYDRAS and HARPIES, gan to yawn and yell.
p. 206.

Where alſo I might, perhaps, refer you, for the region *twixt Africa and Ind*;

From Araby, FROM INDE, TO AFRIC SHORE,—
p. 705.

if not for the monſters themſelves;

——————ſome MONSTER
New-brought FROM AFRIC OR FROM INDE;—
p. 992.

636. *And yet more med'c'nal is it, than that Moly,*
*Which Hermes once to wiſe Ulyſſes gave;*]

In Du Bartas's EDEN, where the tree of life is addreſſed by the poet,

O holy peerleſs, rich, preſervative!

it

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it is enquired, what the fruit of it was; whether

Or holy Nectar, &c.
Or bleſt Ambroſia, Gods' immortal fare?
Or elſe the rich fruit of the garden rare, &c.
*(i. e. of the Heſperides.)*
Or PRETIOUS MOLY WHICH JOVE'S PURSUIVAN,
WING-FOOTED HERMES, BROUGHT TO TH' ITHACAN?

to which is added, (ſee Comus, 675, *infra*,)

Or elſe NEPANTHE, ENEMY TO SADNESS,
REPELLING SORROW, AND REPEALING GLADNESS *?
p. 174.

I need not obſerve to you, that this is exactly Milton's mode of decorating ſcripture hiſtory, with illuſtration from Claſſic Fable and Heathen Mythology.

639. —— *of ſov'reign uſe*
*'Gainſt all enchantments,—*]

I ſhould hardly have detained you with the citation of a paſſage, in which this

* *Repealing, i. e.* recalling.



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859. ——————— *the lees*
*And ſettlings of a melancholy blood:*]

The pure red part, amid the maſs of BLOOD,
The ſanguine air commands; the clutted mud,
SUNK DOWN IN LEES, earth's MELANCHOLY
ſhews: p. 21.

861. ——————— *tranſlucent*—]

Mr. Warton ſays, he always thought this epithet had been firſt uſed by Milton, till he met with it in Brathwaite's LOVE'S LABYRINTH, printed in 1615. But it is frequent in Sylveſter; where, however, it is written *tralucent*, and *tralucing*:

the gliſtring tent
Of the TRALUCING fiery element. p. 27.

A ſoul TRALUCENT in an open breaſt, p. 591.

From thy bright TRALUCENT eyes: p. 611.

863. *The looſe train of thy amber-dropping hair,*]

Mr. Warton ſuppoſes *amber* to relate to the *colour* of Sabrina's hair; and obſerves, that "*amber locks*" are given to the ſun more

more than once in Sylveſter's Du Bartas. But, in this place, *amber* is ambergreece, rich ointment or perfume; and what is here ſaid, is equivalent to

Dropping odours,———— ver. 106.

Solomon's bride is, ſimilarly, deſcribed by Du Bartas, at their nuptials;

———adorn'd DOWN TO HER VERY HEELS
With her FAIR HAIR, whence ſtill SWEET DEW DISTILLS; p. 462.

Where alſo, in the Epithalamium addreſſed to her, it is ſaid,

——what odours thy ſweet treſſes yield!
What AMBER-GREECE, what incenſe breath'ſt thou out! p. 463.

I might refer you alſo to Sylveſter's WOODMAN'S BEAR, (probably a juvenile performance,) where he is deſcribing the beauty of his miſtreſs;

LOCKS, like ſtreams of LIQUID AMBER,
Smooth down-dangling,——— p. 1204.

886. —*from*

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886. ——*from thy coral-paven bed,*]

Du Bartas's River Jordan is lodged in a large cave of beaten glaſs,

Whoſe waved cieling, with exceeding coſt,
The Nymphs his daughters rarely had imboſt
With pearls and rubies, and INLAY'D the reſt
With *mere* * checks, and CORAL of the beſt.

p. 383.

930. *Nor wet October's torrent flood*
*Thy molten cryſtal fill with mud,*]

——————— dirty MUDDS
DEFIL'D THE CRYSTAL of ſmooth-ſliding FLOODS.

p. 171.

960. ——— *without duck or nod,*]

*Duck*, for obeiſance, is uſed in Sylveſter's Du Bartas; and without any comic ſenſe:

Then to her lady having made a DUCK, p. 821.

978. *Where day never ſhuts his eye,*]

We have this expreſſion in Sylveſter's Du Bartas; where he is ſpeaking of the obſcuration of the Sun, at the time of the Crucifixion:

* Mother of pearl.

What

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What could'ſt thou do leſs, than thyſelf diſhonour,
O chief of Planets, thy great Lord to honour?
Than, at his death, a mourning robe to wear, &c.
And, at high noon, SHUT THY FAIR EYE, to ſhun
A ſight, whoſe ſight did Hell with horror ſtun?
p. 89.

992. *Iris there with humid bow*
*Waters the odorous banks, that blow*
*Flowers of more mingled hue,*
*Than her purfled ſcarf can ſhew;*]

This beautiful paſſage is not, perhaps, without its obligations to the following:

Never mine eyes, in pleaſant ſpring, behold
The violet's purple, guilded marygold, &c. &c.
But that in them the Painter I admire,
Who in more colours doth the fields attire,
Than freſh Aurora's roſy cheeks diſplay,
When in the eaſt ſhe uſhers a fair day;
Or IRIS' BOW, WHICH, BENDED IN THE SKY,
BODES FRUITFUL DEWS, when as the fields be dry.
p. 60.

The rainbow is afterwards deſcribed,

A ſemicircle of a hundred HUES; p. 247.

995. —*purfled*

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995. ——— *purfled ſcarf*—]

"Purfled" is *embroidered with various colours*. In Sylveſter's Du Bartas, a jaſpir ſtone is deſcribed;

PURFLED with veins,——— p. 180.

98. *Beds of hyacinth and roſes,*
*Where young Adonis oft repoſes.*]

In Du Bartas's Eden, where the happineſs of Adam in Paradiſe is deſcribed, it is ſaid of him;

Here underneath a fragrant hedge REPOSES,
Full of all kinds of ſweet ALL-COLOUR'D ROSES;
p. 180.

1015. ——— *the bow'd welkin*—]

In HEAVEN'S BOW'D ARCHES, and the elements,
p. 149.

1020. *She can teach you how to climb*
*Higher than the ſpheery chime.*]

To *climb* up into Heaven is a *ſcriptural* expreſſion. It is applied, by Sylveſter, to Grace, Virtue, and Faith.

O Grace,

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O Grace, whereby men CLIMB THE HEAVENLY STAIR! p. 588.

For ſacred Virtue CLIMBS ſo hard and high,
That ſcarcely can I her ſteep ſteps deſcry.
p. 1120.

But to CLIMB HEAVEN what ladder can ſuffice us?
Faith.——— p. 1175.

## LYCIDAS.

2. ——— *ivy never ſere,*]

——— immortal bays
NEVER UNLEAV'D,——— p. 70.

14. ——— *ſome melodious tear,*]

I cannot forbear here referring to the ELEGY on DAME HELEN BRANCH, which I have already noticed, among the *Poſthumi Sylveſtrienſes*: where, I muſt obſerve to you, it is entitled MONODIA. The *Monodiſt* there calls upon the two Univerſities

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ſities for a *Luctus Academicus* on the death of their benefactor :

> You Springs of Art, Eyes of this noble realm!
> Cambridge and Oxford, lend your LEARNED TEARS! p. 641. Ed. 1633.

The firſt line of which paſſage will, I am ſure, remind you of Milton's deſcription of *Athens*, in his PARADISE REGAINED :

> Athens, the EYE of Greece, MOTHER OF ARTS
> And eloquence,———— iv. 240.

26. ———— *the opening eyelids of the morn,*]

This image is ſcriptural. We find it, as a marginal reading of our Engliſh Bible, for *the dawning of the morning*, Job. iii. 9 ; and in Tremellius's Latin Bible, printed in 1585, the paſſage is rendered, *ne vidiſſit* PALPEBRAS AURORÆ ; where, in a note, it is obſerved to be *metaphora ab eo qui expergiſcitur et palpebras attollit, quocum Aurora* POETICE *comparatur*. Moſt poetical tranſlations of the Book

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Book of Job have been careful to retain this flower of divine poesy. Quarles has it, in his JOB MILITANT. But Sylvester, I believe, may claim the *priority* of transferring it into English poetry, in his JOB TRIUMPHANT:

May it no more see th' EYE-LIDS OF THE MORNING,—— p. 899.

56. *Ay me! I fondly dream, &c.*]

I must again beg to refer you to the MONODY on DAME HELEN BRANCH;

No strength, no courage can Death's coming stay;
No wealth can wage him, and no wit prevent him;
No lovely beauty can at all relent him:
Against stern Death no virtue can avail;
AY ME! that Death o'er Virtue should prevail!

73. —— *the fair guerdon when we hope to find,*]

Lo here the GUERDON OF HIS GLORIOUS PAINS, p. 58.

your wit-gracing skill
Wears, in itself, itself's RICH GUERDON still. p. 73.

86. *Smooth-*

86. *Smooth-ſliding Mincius*—]

—— the cryſtal of SMOOTH-SLIDING floods,
p. 171.

104. *His mantle hairy and his bonnet ſedge,*]

The river Jordan is deſcribed, in Sylveſter's Du Bartas, as an

aged flood laid on his moſſy bed,
And penſive leaning his FLAG-SHAGGY head,
p. 383.

Where *flag-ſhaggy* perfectly comprehends the "ſedge bonnet" of the Academic Elegiaſt. It is alſo ſaid of this aged flood or river God,

About his loins a RUSH-BELT wears he deep,
p. 384.

110. *The golden opes, &c.*]

To what has been obſerved, by Mr. Warton and others, reſpecting the two keys of St. Peter, and the metals ſeverally aſcribed to them by Milton, I have to add, that, where Nature is finely perſonified

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fied by Du Bartas, ſhe is diſtinguiſhed by a GOLDEN KEY;

——————— down by her ſide ſhe wears
A GOLDEN KEY, wherewith ſhe letteth forth,
And locketh up, the treaſures of the earth.

P. 393.

110. ——— *the iron ſhuts amain,*]

*Amain* is more than once ſimilarly uſed by Sylveſter, for *with vehemence*. Thus, where Sickneſs is deſcribed as one of the Furies, that after the Fall were permitted to wage war againſt mankind;

Then this fierce monſter muſters in her train
Fell ſoldiers, charging poor mankind AMAIN.

P. 208.

132. ——— *the dread voice is paſt,*
*That ſhrunk thy ſtreams;*—]

May we not refer "*dread voice*" to a paſſage, which I have once before cited to you?

HIS DREADFUL VOICE, to ſave his antient ſheep,
Did cleave the bottom of th' Erythrean deep,



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And ſo the cryſtal of his double ſource
Compelled Jordan to retreat his courſe. p. 48.

*To ſhrink*, I muſt obſerve, is uſed by Sylveſter, as a verb active, with much Miltonic effect. The moon is termed,

the ſilver-fronted ſtar,
That ſwells and SHRINKS THE SEAS,—— p. 51.

135. ——— *flowrets of a thouſand hues*,]

Noah looks up, and in the air he views
A ſemicircle OF A HUNDRED HUES; p. 247.

136. ——— *where the mild whiſpers uſe*]

I do not recollect to have met with "*uſe*," preciſely in this ſenſe, any where but in Sylveſter; where Urania is repreſented exciting Du Bartas to the ſtudy of heaven-born poeſy.

Dive day and night in the Caſtalian fount;
Dwell upon Homer and the Mantuan muſe;
Climb night and day the double-topped mount,
Where the Pierian learned maidens uſe.
p. 527.

136. — *the*

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136. ——— *the mild whiſpers*——
*Of*——*guſhing brooks, &c. &c.*]

The ſtream's MILD MURMUR as it gently guſhes,
p. 70.

181. *And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes,*]

I need not tell you, this is ſcriptural. (Iſaiah xxv. 8. Revelat. vii. 17. xxi. 4.) But it is well uſed by Sylveſter, with reſpect to ſpeech as the vehicle of conſolation:

By thee we WIPE THE TEARS OF WOFUL EYES,
p. 128.

And again, in his deſcription of the New Jeruſalem;

Where ſhall no more be wailings, woes, or cries;
FOR GOD SHALL WIPE ALL TEARS FROM WEEPING EYES. p. 521.



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## SONNET,

### ON HIS BEING ARRIVED TO THE AGE OF XXIII.

1. *How ſoon hath time, the ſubtle thief of youth,*
*Stol'n on his wing my three-and-twentieth year!*
*My haſting days fly on with full career,*
*But my late ſpring no bud nor bloſſom ſhew'th.*]

I think I have heard you particularly admire the opening of this ſonnet. Let me beg you to compare the following moral reflection on the Spring, from Sylveſter's SPECTACLES:

When youthful Spring the earth in green hath dreſt,
When trees with leaves and bloſſoms them reveſt,
Their flowers, white, red, blue, yellow,
Betoken fruits to follow;
But worldings, tho' they flouriſh in their prime,
Nor bud, nor bear, nor bring forth fruit in time;
Their health, wealth, wit, miſwaſted,
Are but as bloſſoms blaſted. p. 1178.

SONNET,

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## SONNET,

TO

SIR HENRY VANE.

1. *Vane young in years, but in ſage counſel old!*]

Iſaac IN YEARS YOUNG, but IN WISDOM GROWN, p. 338.

---

## SONNET,

TO THE

LORD GENERAL CROMWELL.

1. *Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud,*
*Not of war only, but detractions rude,*
*Guided by faith and matchleſs fortitude,*
*To peace and truth thy glorious way haſt plough'd,*
*And on the neck of crowned fortune proud*
*Haſt rear'd God's trophies, and his work purſued,*
*While Darwen ſtream with blood of Scots imbrued,*
*And Dunbar field reſounds thy praiſes loud,*
*And Worceſter's laureat-wreath. Yet much remains*



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*To conquer ſtill; peace hath her victories*
*No leſs renown'd than war;————]*

Thus much of this ſonnet is, I believe generally, admired as a moſt dignified, energetic, addreſs from a GREAT POET to a MAN, not only whom HE *conſidered* as GREAT, but who unqueſtionably was ſo.

I will beg you to compare Joſhua Sylveſter's verſion of

DU BARTAS's 1ſt SONNET,

TO

HENRY IV. OF FRANCE.

Henry! triumphant tho' thou wert in war,
Though fate and fortitude conſpir'd thy glory,
Though thy leaſt conflicts well deſerve a ſtory,
Though Mars's fame by thine be darken'd far,
Though from thy cradle, infant conqueror,
Thy martial proofs have dimm'd Alcides' praiſe,
And though with garlands of victorious bays,
Thy royal temples richly crowned are;

Yet,

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Yet, matchleſs prince, nought haſt thou wrought ſo glorious
As this unlook'd-for happy peace admir'd,
Whereby thyſelf art of thyſelf victorious:——

p. 587.

---

I much fear, my dear Sir, that I may have fatigued you by my too abundant citation, of ſuppoſed *parallel*, or in ſome reſpects *ſimilar*, paſſages from Milton's JUVENILIA and Sylveſter's DU BARTAS, and *other poems*.—I ſubmit them to your accurate and taſteful judgment.—*Futile* and *irrelevant*, as ſome of them may appear *ſingly* conſidered, when taken altogether, I cannot but think, they *go near* to evince, that the author of PARADISE LOST had made an early acquaintance with his predeceſſor in Sacred Poetry. This might be ſtrongly corroborated, and a much larger extent of obligation might be pointed out from various parts of his two great Poems;

Sed NUNC non erat his locus,——



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I ſhall conclude the preſent ſpeculation, (which I hope you will not think totally unfounded,) by endeavouring to ſhew you from the beauty and ſublimity of many paſſages in Sylveſter's Tranſlation of Du Bartas's Weeks, that it is, in fact, a work very likely to have engroſſed no ſmall ſhare of Milton's attention, and, in many places, no common degree of his young poetic admiration. Here I ſhall lay before you paſſages broken, as well as connected; compound epithets of effect; elevated, or apparently highly-original phraſes;—in ſhort, whatever I *felt*, or *fancied*, was likely, in any ſhape, to have ſtruck either the ear, or the imagination, of the young poetical reader. I muſt apprize you, that I have, in ſome few inſtances, omitted or altered a ſingle highly obſolete or offenſively jingling word, where it ſeemed to raiſe diſguſt to a paſſage of otherwiſe fine effect; and with which it was not materially connected. This being premiſed, I proceed, in the *modern* phraſe of our *hodi-*

*ernal*

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*ernal* BOOK-MAKERS, to preſent you with

THE

# BEAUTIES

OF

# SYLVESTER's DU BARTAS.

## THE

## FIRST DAY OF THE FIRST WEEK;

## THE CHAOS.

BEFORE all time, all matter, form, and place,
God all in all, and ALL in God it was:
Immutable, immortal, infinite,
Incomprehenſible, all ſpirit *, all light,

* Sylveſter almoſt always gives *ſpirit* as a monoſyllable; which Milton alſo very frequently does.

All

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All Majeſty, all ſelf-omnipotent,
Inviſible, impaſſive, excellent,
Pure, wiſe, juſt, good, God reign'd alone———

Thou ſcoffing Atheiſt! that enquireſt——
What weighty work *his* mind was buſied on
Eternally, before the world begun,
(Since ſuch deep wiſdom and omnipotence
Nought worſe befits, than ſloth or negligence,)
Know, bold blaſphemer, know, that FIRST he built
A HELL to puniſh the preſumptuous guilt
Of thoſe ungodly, whoſe proud ſenſe dares cite,
And cenſure too, his wiſdom infinite.

---

Climb they that lift the battlements of Heaven,
And with the whirl-wind of ambition driven,
Beyond the world's wall let thoſe eagles fly
And gaze upon the Sun of Majeſty.

---

As SOL, without deſcending from the ſky,
Crowns the fair Spring with painted bravery;—
* * * * * * * * * * *
So all obedient to *his* pleaſure ranges,
Who, ALWAYS ONE, his purpoſe never changes.

---

——— the immortal, mighty Thunder-darter.

---

As

As yet no flowers with odours earth reviv'd,
No ſcaly ſhoals yet in the waters div'd;
Nor any birds, with warbling harmony,
Were born as yet thro' the tranſparent ſky.

---

The dreadful darkneſs of the *Memphitiſts* *,
The ſad black horror of Cimmerian miſts,
The ſable fumes of Hell's infernal vault,
Or if aught darker in the world be thought,
Muffled the face of that profound abyſs,——

---

Though the great Leader, who in dreadful awe
Upon Mount Horeb learn'd th' eternal Law,
Had not aſſur'd us that God's ſacred power
In ſix days built this univerſal bower †,
Reaſon itſelf would overthrow the grounds
Of thoſe new worlds, that fond *Leucippus* founds.

---

Hence, vain aſtrologers! nor dare to ſeek
In Heaven's black darkneſs for the ſecret things
Seal'd in the caſket of the King of Kings!

---

* The Egyptians; called by Sylveſter more frequently *Memphians*, *Memphites*, or *Memphiſts*.

† Bower is uſed by Sylveſter commonly for manſion, or dwelling place. Thus alſo Milton;

Then in haſte her BOWER ſhe leaves. ALLEG. 87.

Then,

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Then, then, good Lord, ſhall thy dear Son deſcend,
In complete glory from the gliſt'ring ſky;
Millions of Angels ſhall about him fly;
Mercy and Juſtice, marching ſide by ſide,
Shall his divine triumphant chariot guide,
Whoſe wheels ſhall ſhine with light'nings round about,
And beams of glory widely blazing out.

Thoſe that were loaden with proud marble tombs,
Thoſe that were ſwallow'd in wild monſters' wombs,
Thoſe that the ſea had ſwill'd, thoſe that the flaſhes
Of ruddy flames have burned all to aſhes,
Awaked all ſhall riſe, and all reveſt *
The fleſh and bones which they at firſt poſſeſs'd.
All ſhall appear, and hear, before the throne
Of God, (the Judge without exception,)
The final ſentence, ſounding joy or terror,
Of everlaſting happineſs or horror.

---

O Father of the Light! of wiſdom fountain!
Out of the bulk of that confuſed mountain †,
What ſhould, or what could, iſſue firſt but light?
Without it, beauty were no beauty hight.

* I rather wonder Milton has not adopted a word of ſuch condenſing effect, as *reveſt*. I believe it is uſed by Spenſer.

† Chaos.

In

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In vain *Timanthes* had his Cyclops drawn,
In vain *Parrhaſius* counterfeited lawn,
In vain *Apelles Venus* had begun,
*Zeuxis Penelope*; if that the ſun
To make them ſeen had never ſhewn his ſplendor:
In vain, in vain, had been thoſe works of wonder,
The *Epheſian Temple*, and high *Pharian Tower*,
And *Carian tomb*, trophies of wealth and power;
In vain had they been builded every one,
By *Scopas*, *Soſtrates*, and *Cteſiphon*,
Had all been wrapp'd up from all human ſight
In th' obſcure * mantle of eternal night.

---

No ſooner ſaid he "BE THERE LIGHT," but, lo!
The formleſs lump to perfect form 'gan grow,
And, all illuſtred with Light's radiant ſhine,
Doff'd mourning weeds, and deck'd it paſſing fine.

All-hail pure Lamp, bright, ſacred, and excelling,
Sorrow and care, darkneſs and dread repelling!
Thou world's great taper! wicked men's juſt terror!
Mother of truth! true beauty's only mirror!

* Milton, in one place in his PARADISE LOST, ſimilarly accents obſcure on the firſt ſyllable; but I believe only in one place. See B. ii. 132.

God's

God's eldeſt daughter! O how thou art full
Of grace and goodneſs! O how beautiful!

But yet, becauſe all pleaſures wax unpleaſant
If, without pauſe, we ſtill poſſeſs them preſent;
And none can right diſcern the ſweets of peace,
That have not felt war's cruel bitterneſs,
The ALL'S ARCHITECT alternately decreed
That night the day, and day ſhould night ſucceed.

The night is ſhe, that all our travails eaſeth,
Buries our cares, and all our griefs appeaſeth:
The night is ſhe, that, with her ſable wing
In gloomy darkneſs huſhing every thing,
Through all the world dumb ſilence doth diſtill—
O night! thou pulleſt the proud maſk away,
With which vain actors, in this world's great play,
By day diſguiſe themſelves. No difference
Thou mak'ſt between the Peaſant and the Prince,
The Poor and Rich, the Priſoner and the Judge,
The Foul and Fair, the Maſter and the Drudge,
The Fool and Wiſe, *Barbarian* and the *Greek*;
For night's black mantle covers all alike.

He, that, condemn'd for ſome notorious vice,
Seeks in the mine the baits of avarice,
Or ſwelting at the furnice fineth bright
Our ſoul's dire ſulphur, reſteth yet at night.
He, that ſtill ſtooping tugs againſt the tide
The laden barge along a river's ſide,

With

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With the day's toilsome labour weary quite,
Upon his pallet reſteth yet at night.
He, that, in ſummer, in extremeſt heat,
Scorched all day in his own ſcalding ſweat,
Shaves with keen ſcythe the glory and delight
Of motley meadows, reſteth yet at night;
And in the arms of balmy ſleep foregoes
All former troubles, and all former woes.
Only the learned Siſters' ſacred minions *,
While ſilent night under her ſable pinions
Folds all the world, with painleſs pain they tread
A ſacred path that to the Heavens doth lead,
And higher than the Heavens their readers raiſe
Upon the wings of their immortal lays.

*Ev'n now* I liſten'd for the clock to chime
Day's lateſt hour; that for a little time
The night might eaſe my labours: but I ſee
As yet Aurora has ſcarce ſmil'd on me.
My work ſtill grows; and *now* before mine eyes
Heaven's glorious hoſt in nimble ſquadrons flies.

Whether, *this day*, God made you Angels bright,
Under the name of Heaven, or of the Light;
Whether you, *after*, were in the inſtant born
With thoſe bright ſpangles that the Heavens adorn;

* The favourites of the Muſes.

Or

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Or whether you derive your high deſcent
Long time before the world and firmament;
I argue not; ſince curious ſearch perchance
Is not ſo ſafe as humble ignorance.
One thing is certain; the Omnipotent
Created you immortal, innocent,
Good, fair, and free———————
But, ev'n as thoſe, whom Princes' favours oft
Above the reſt have rais'd and ſet aloft,
Are oft the firſt, that, without cauſe or reaſon,
Attempt rebellion, and do practiſe treaſon;
Ev'n ſo, ſome legions of theſe lofty ſpirits,
Envying the glory of their Maker's merits,
Conſpir'd together, ſtrove againſt the ſtream,
To uſurp his ſcepter and his diadem.
But He, whoſe hands do never light'nings lack
Proud ſacrilegious mutineers to wreck,
Hürl'd them in the air, or in ſome lower cell:
For, where GOD is not, every where is HELL.

This curſed crew, with pride and fury fraught,
Of us at leaſt have this advantage got,
That by experience they can truly tell
How far it is from higheſt Heaven to Hell;
For by a proud leap they have ta'n the meaſure,
When headlong thence they tumbled in diſ-
pleaſure.

For,

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For, ever ſince, againſt the King of Heaven
The APOSTATE PRINCE OF DARKNESS ſtill hath ſtriven;

* * * * * * * * * * *

With wanton glance of beauty's burning eye
HE ſnares hot youth in ſenſuality;
With gold's bright luſtre he doth age entice
To idolize deteſted avarice;
With grace of princes, with their pomp and ſtate,
Ambitious ſpirits he doth intoxicate.

——Night's black Monarch——

Nor have theſe fiends the bridle on their neck
To run at random, without curb or check;
To abuſe the earth, and all the world to blind,
And tyranniſe our body and our mind.
God holds them chain'd in fetters of his power,
That, without leave, one minute of an hour
They cannot range. It was by his permiſſion,
The *Lying Spirit* train'd Ahab to perdition:
Arm'd with God's ſacred paſs-port, HE did try
Juſt, humble Job's renowned conſtancy.——
But the only Lord, ſometimes to make a trial
Of firmeſt faith, ſometimes with error's vial
To drench the ſouls whom errors ſole delight,
Lets looſe theſe Furies.——
Mean time the unſpotted Spirits, who nor intend
To mount too high, nor yet too low deſcend,—



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With willing ſpeed they every moment go
Where'er the breath of divine grace doth blow.—
For God no ſooner hath his pleaſure ſpoken,
Or bow'd his head, or given ſome other token,
Or almoſt thought on an exploit, wherein
The miniſtry of Angels ſhall be ſeen,
But theſe quick Poſts * with ready expedition
Fly to accompliſh their divine commiſſion.——
One follows Agar in her pilgrimage,
And with ſweet comforts doth her cares aſſwage;
Another guideth Iſaac's mighty hoſt;
Another Jacob on th' Idumean † coaſt;
In Nazareth another, rapt with joy,
Tells that a Virgin ſhall bring forth a Boy;——
Another (paſt all hope!) doth pre-averr
The birth of John, CHRIST'S holy HARBINGER;
Some in the deſert tender'd conſolation,
When JESUS ſtrove with Satan's ſtrong temptation;
One, in the garden, in his agonies,
Cheers up his fears in that great enterpriſe;
Another certifies his Reſurrection
Unto the women, whoſe faith's imperfection

* —— thouſands at his bidding ſpeed,
And POST o'er land and ocean without reſt.
Milton's SONNET, on his BLINDNESS.

† I have already noticed Sylveſter's habitual neglect of quantity. See p. 30.

Suppos'd

Suppos'd his cold limbs in the grave were bound,
Until the Arch-Angel's lofty trump ſhould ſound.

---

Then Hezekiah, as a prudent prince,
Poiſing the danger of theſe ſad events,
His ſubjects' thrall, his city's woful flames,
His children's death, the rape of noble dames,
The maſſacre of infants and of eld,
His royal ſelf with force reſiſtleſs quell'd,
Humbled in ſack-cloth and in aſhes, cries
For aid to God, the GOD OF VICTORIES *.

* My extracts from this firſt book have exceeded in quantity what I intended. But I could not bring myſelf to omit a ſingle line of the Deſcription of Night. The Tranſition from thence to the Creation of Angels ſtruck me as poetical and well managed; and the Fall of the rebellious Angels, together with the Miniſtry of thoſe who "ſtood unſhaken," was all too much connected with my immediate object, for me to paſs them by.



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# SECOND DAY;

## THE ELEMENTS.

CLEAR fource of learning! Soul of th' univerſe!
Since thou art pleas'd to chooſe my humble verſe
To ſing thy praiſes, ——————
Rid thou my paſſage, and make clear my way
From all incumbrance! Shine upon THIS DAY!

—————— a burning fever
Quickens the pulſe, ——————
And on the tables of our troubled brain
Fantaſticly with various pencil vain
Doth counterfait as many forms, or *more* *,
Than ever Nature, Art, or Chance could ſhow.

——— the All-creator,———

As when we ſee Aurora paſſing gay
With opals paint the cieling of Cathay †,——

* More; *Vox Enniani ſæculi.*
† The eaſtern ſky.

For

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For ev'n to-morrow will the Lord divide,
With the right hand of his omnipotence,
Theſe yet confus'd and mingled elements,
And lib'rally the ſhaggy earth adorn
With woods, and buds of fruit, of flowers, and
corn.

---

Of winged clouds the wide inconſtant houſe,
Th' unſettled kingdom of ſwift Æolus;———

---

From Eaſt to Weſt, and from the Weſt returning
To th' honor'd cradle of the roſeal morning.

---

So the ſwift coachman, whoſe bright-ſhining hair
Doth ev'ry day gild either hemiſphere,
Two ſorts of vapours by his heat exhales,
From floating deeps and from the flow'ry dales.

---

But, if the vapour bravely dares adventure
Up to th' eternal ſeat of ſhiv'ring winter,
The ſmall, thin humour by the cold is preſt
Into a cloud; which wanders Eaſt and Weſt
Upon the wind's wings, till in drops of rain
It falls into it's parent's lap again:
Whether ſome boiſt'rous winds, with ſtormy puff,
Juſtling the winds with mutual counterbuff,



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Do break their brittle ſides———
Whether ſome milder gale, with ſighing breath
Shaking their tent, their tears diſſevereth——

———

Above the walls of winter's icy bower,——

———

But hearke! what hear I in the Heavens? Methinks
The world's wall ſhakes, and it's foundation ſhrinks:
Th' air flames with fire, while the loud-roaring thunder
Burſts forth amain, and rends the clouds aſunder.—
The ocean boils for fear; the fiſh do deem
The ſea too ſhallow ſafe to ſhelter them;
The earth doth ſhake; the ſhepherd in the field
In hollow rock himſelf can hardly ſhield;
Th' affrighted Heavens open; and in the vale
Of Acheron grim Pluto's ſelf looks pale *.

———

——— the vulgar with affright
Behold at once three chariots of the light †;

* I have ventured on a little tranſpoſition in this extract.

† He had, in the firſt book, ſimilarly characterized the ſun.

The SUN'S BRIGHT CHARIOT, that enlightens all.
p. 12.

And

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And in the welkin, on night's gloomy throne,
Tremble to view more ſhining moons than one.

---

By that tower-tearing ſtroak, I underſtand
The undaunted ſtrength of the Divine right hand;
When I behold the light'nings in the ſkies,
Methinks I ſee the Almighty's glorious eyes;
And when in Heaven I view the rainbow bent,
I hold it for a pledge and argument,
That never more ſhall univerſal floods
Preſume to mount above the tops of woods,
Which hoary Atlas in the clouds doth hide,
Or on the crown of Caucaſus which ride.

---

Jews! no more Jews, no more of Abraham ſons!—
Say what you thought! what thought you, when ſo long
A flaming ſword over your temple hung,
But that the Lord would, with a mighty arm,
The righteous vengeance of his wrath perform,
On you and yours: and, what the plague did leave,
The inſatiate gorge of famine ſhould bereave?

---

All cry aloud, that the Turk's ſwarming hoſt
Should pitch his proud moons on the Genoan coaſt.

---



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O frantic France! why doſt thou not make uſe
Of wak'ning ſigns, whereby the Heavens induce
Thee to repentance? Canſt thou fearleſs gaze,
Ev'n night by night, on that prodigious blaze,
That hairy comet, that long-ſtreaming ſtar *,
Which threatens earth with famine, plague, and war?

Th' empyreal palace, where th' eternal treaſures
Of Nectar flow, where everlaſting pleaſures
Are heaped up, and an immortal May
In bliſsful beauty flouriſheth for ay;
Where the great God his glorious feſſion holds,
Environ'd round with ſeraphims and ſoules
Bought with his precious blood, whoſe glorious flight
Soar'd, above earth, to Heaven's bleſt region bright.

I lee not why man's reaſon ſhould withſtand,
Or not believe, that HE, whoſe powerful hand
Bay'd up the Red Sea with a double wall,
That Iſrael's hoſt might 'ſcape Egyptian thrall,

* The famous comet of 1577. This marks the time when this book was written by Du Bartas. He was then aged 34.

Could

Could prop as ſure ſo many waves on high *
Above the Heaven's ſtar-ſpangled canopy.

---

The eternal builder of this beauteous frame,—

---

——————— inſtantly the Lord
Down to the ÆOLIAN DUNGEON ſpeeds——
There muzzled cloſe cloud-chacing Boreas,
And let looſe Auſter and his low'ring race;
Who ſoon ſet forward, with a dropping wing,
Upon their beard for ev'ry hair a ſpring;
A night of clouds muffled their brows about,
Their wattled locks guſh all with rivers out,
While with fierce hands, wringing thick clouds aſunder,
They ſend forth lightning, tempeſt, rain, and thunder.
Brooks, lakes, and floods, rivers and foaming torrents,
Suddenly ſwell; and their confuſed currents,
Loſing their old bounds, break a nearer way,
Ruſhing at once impetuous to the ſea:
Earth ſhakes with fear———————
And thou thyſelf, O Heaven, did'ſt ſet wide ope,
Through all the marſhes in thy ſpacious cope,

* The waters above the firmament.—From hence the poet takes occaſion to conclude this book with a deſcription of the flood, as ariſing from the conflux of the upper and lower waters.

All

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All thy large ſluices, thy vaſt ſeas to ſhed
In ſudden ſpouts on thy proud ſiſter's head;
Whoſe aw-leſs, law-leſs, ſhame-leſs life abhorr'd,
Only delighted to reſiſt the Lord.

Th' earth ſhrinks and ſinks; now ocean hath no ſhore,
And rivers run to ſwell the ſea no more;
Themſelves are ſeas; th' innumerable ſtreams
Of ſundry names, deriv'd from ſundry realms,
Make now but one great ſea; the world itſelf
Is nothing now but one great ſtanding gulph,
Whoſe ſwelling ſurges ſtrive to mix &c.———
And for mankind; imagine ſome got up
To an high mountain's over-hanging top;
Some to a tower, ſome to a cedar tree,
Whence round about a world of deaths they ſee;
But, whereſoever their pale fears aſpire
For hope of ſafety, ocean ſurgeth higher.

Safely, meantime, the ſacred *ſhip* did float
On the proud ſhoulders of that boundleſs moat;
Though maſt-leſs, oar-leſs, and from harbour far,
Secure; for God her ſteerſman was and ſtar.

THE

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# THE THIRD DAY;

## THE SEA AND EARTH.

O KING of graſſy and of glaſſy plains!
Whoſe powerful breath, at thy dread will, conſtrains
The deep foundations of the Hills to ſhake,
And Sea's ſalt billows Heaven's high vault to rake;——

——— the ALL-MONARCH's bounteous Majeſty
Commanded Neptune ſtraight to marſhal forth
His floods apart, and to unfold the earth;—

On one ſide hills hoar'd with eternal ſnows,—

Never mine eyes in pleaſant ſpring behold
The azure flax, the guilded marigold,
The violet's purple, the ſweet roſe's ſtammel,
The lily's ſnow, the panſy's bright enamel;
But that in them the PAINTER I admire,
Who in more colours doth the fields attire,

Than

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Than fair Aurora's roſy cheeks diſplay,
When in the eaſt ſhe uſhers a fair day.

---

The Almighty voice, which built this mighty ball,
Still, ſtill rebounds and echoes over all;——

---

Within the deep folds of her fruitful lap,
So boundleſs mines of treaſure earth doth wrap,
That th' hungry hands of human avarice
Cannot exhauſt with labour or device.
For they be more than there be ſtars in Heaven,
Or ſtormy billows in the ocean driven,
Or ears of corn in Autumn in the fields,
Or ſavage beaſts upon a thouſand hills,
Or fiſhes diving in the ſilver floods,
Or ſcatter'd leaves in winter in the woods.

---

All hail, fair Earth! bearer of towns and towers!
Fair, firm, and fruitful, various, patient, ſweet!
Sumptuouſly cloathed in a mantle meet
Of mingled colours, lac'd about with floods,
And all-embroider'd with freſh-blooming buds!

---

The chearful birds, chirping him ſweet good-morrows,
With Nature's muſic do beguile his ſorrows,
Teaching the fragrant foreſts, day by day,
The *diapaſon* of their heavenly lay.

The

The ſtream's mild murmur, as it gently guſhes,
His healthy limbs in quiet ſlumber huſhes.
——————— then he ſtirs betime,
To walk the mountains, or the flow'ry meads
Impearl'd with tears, that ſweet Aurora ſheds.

## THE FOURTH DAY;

### THE HEAVENS, SUN, MOON, &c.

But, if conjecture may extend above
To that great orb, whoſe moving all doth move;—

——————— Heaven's azure coaſts,——

——— bright Apollo's glory beaming car.

I not believe, that the Arch-Architect,
With all theſe fires the heavenly arches deck'd,
Onely for ſhew; and with theſe glitt'ring ſhields,
To amaze poor ſhepherds watching in the fields.
I not believe, that the leaſt flower which pranks
Our garden borders, or our common banks,

And

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And the leaſt ſtone, that in her warming lap
Our mother earth doth covetouſly wrap,
Hath ſome peculiar virtue of its own;
And that the glorious ſtars of Heaven have none. . . . .

---

——— from Hell
Alecto looſes all her furies fell;
Grim, lean-fac'd Famine, foul infectious Plague,
Blood-thirſty War, and Treaſon, hateful hag.——

---

—with cloudy horror of their wrathful frown,
Threat'ning again the guilty world to drown;—

---

Not that, as Stoick, I intend to tye,
With iron chains of ſtrong neceſſity,
The ETERNAL's hands,———

---

Life of the world! Lamp of the univerſe!
Heaven's richeſt Gem! O teach me how my verſe
May beſt begin thy praiſe!———
To ſing how riſing from the Indian wave
Thou ſeem'ſt, O Titan, like a bridegroom brave,
Who from his chamber early iſſuing out,
In rich array with rareſt gems about,

With

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With pleaſant countenance and lovely face,
With golden treſſes, and attractive grace,
Cheers at his coming all the youthful throng,
That for his preſence earneſtly did long,
Bleſſing the day, and, with delightful glee,
Singing aloud his *Epithalamy*.

---

Thou, glorious champion, in thy heavenly race,
Runneſt ſo ſwift, we ſcarce conceive thy pace;
Nor comprehend, how fitly thou do'ſt guide
Through the fourth Heaven thy flaming courſers' pride.

---

——— the ſun's proud-trampling team,—

---

——— the moon's pale courſers——

---

——— the ſwarthy Moors,
That ſweating toil on Guinea's wealthy ſhores;—

---

——— foreſts, gloomy black,
Wonder'd to ſee their mighty ſhades go back.

THE

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# THE FIFTH DAY;

## THE FISHES AND FOWLES.

*Latonian* lamps, conducting diverſe ways,
About the world, ſucceſſive nights and days!
Parents of winged time! O haſte your cars,
And, paſſing ſwiftly the oppoſed bars
Of Eaſt and Weſt, with your returning ray
Th' imperfect world make older by a day.

——— the liquid manſion of Hyperion—

And thou, Eternal Father, at whoſe wink
The wrathful ocean's ſwelling pride doth ſink,
And ſtubborn ſtorms of bellowing wind are dumb,
Their wide mouths ſtopp'd, and their wild pinions numb!
Great Sov'reign of the ſeas!———

When on the ſurges I perceive from far
The Orc, Whale, Whirlpool, or huge Phyſeter,
Methinks I ſee the wandering iſle again,
Ortygian Delos, floating on the main;

And

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And, when in combat theſe fell monſters croſs,
Meſeems ſome tempeſt all the ſeas doth toſs.

---

And you, ye Fiſhes, who for recreation,
Or for your ſeed's ſecurer propagation,
At times do change your ordinary dwelling,
Say, what Chaldean, learn'd in fortune-telling,
Or Heaven-taught prophet, your fit time doth
ſhew?
What herald's trumpet ſummons you to go?

---

—— the pride of Greece,
That ſail'd to Colchos for the golden fleece;

---

No more than doth the oak, which in the wood
Unmov'd hath thouſand tempeſts' rage withſtood,
Spreading as many maſſy roots below,
As mighty arms above the ground do grow.

---

O thou, Almighty! who, mankind to wreck,
Of thouſand ſeas one ſea didſt whilom make,
And yet didſt ſave from th' univerſal doom
One ſacred houſhold, that in time to come,
From age to age, ſhould ſing thy glorious praiſe!
Look down, O Lord, from thy ſupernal rays;
Look down, alas! upon a wretched man,
Half-tomb'd already in the ocean!



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Herewith the ſeas their roaring rage reſtrain,
And ſtraight the cloudy welkin clears again;

---

—Gold, the dire bane of our ſeduced ſoul.—
O odious poiſon! for the which we dive
To Pluto's dark den; for the which we rive
Our mother earth;———————
For which, beyond rich *Taproban*, we roll
Through thouſand ſeas, to ſeek another pole!

---

——— care-charming ſleep,———

---

There the fair Peacock, beautifully brave,
Wheeling his ſtarry train, in pomp diſplays
His glorious eyes to Phœbus' golden rays.

---

——— not far from thence
Where love-blind *Hero's* hapleſs diligence,
Inſtead of Love's lamp, lighted Death's cold brand,
To waft *Leander's* naked limbs to land.

---

Conſuming fever wanly did diſplace
The roſe-mix'd lilies in her lovely face.

THE

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# THE SIXTH DAY;

## THE BEASTS AND MAN.

——— to anchor in the port,
Where Death's pale horrors never do reſort.

Almighty Father! guide their Guide along!
And pour upon my faint unfluent tongue
The ſweeteſt honey of th' *Hyanthian* fount,
Which freſhly purleth from the Muſes' mount!

My blood congeals, my ſudden-ſwelling breaſt
Can hardly breathe, with chilling cold oppreſt;
My hair doth ſtare, my bones for fear do ſhake;
My colour changes, my ſad heart doth quake;
And round about Death's image, ghaſtly grim,
Before my eyes already ſeems to ſwim.

Before that Adam did revolt from thee,
And raſhly taſted the forbidden tree,
He lived King of Eden, and his brow
Was never blank'd with pallid fear as now;



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But fierceſt beaſts would, at his word or beck,
Bow to his yoak their ſelf-obedient neck.

---

In deepeſt perils Wiſdom ſhineth prime;
Through thouſand deaths true Valour ſeeks to climb,
Well-knowing, Conqueſt yields but little honour,
If bloody Danger do not wait upon her.

---

—— to the firmament
Raiſe the proud turrets of his battlement;—

---

——— the ſupreme, peerleſs, Architect,—

---

Admir'd Artiſt, Architect divine,
Perfect and peerleſs, in all works of thine!

---

By thee we ſtop the ſtubborn mutinies
Of our rebellious fleſh, whoſe reſtleſs treaſon
Strives to diſ-throne, and to diſ-ſceptre reaſon.
By thee our ſouls with Heaven have converſation,
By thee we calm th' Almighty's indignation,
When faithful ſighs from our ſouls' centre fly
Up to the bright throne of his Majeſty.

---

Since firſt the Lord the world's foundations laid;
Since Phœbus firſt his golden locks diſplay'd,

And

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And his pale Sister from his beaming light
Borrow'd her ſplendour to adorn the night.

——who guideſt with thy hand
The Day's bright chariot, and the Nightly brand!

——from thence
He took a rib, which rarely he refin'd,
And thereof made the mother of mankind;
Graving ſo lively on the living bone
All Adam's beauties, that, but hardly, one
Could have the lover from his love deſcried,
Or known the bridegroom from his gentle bride;
Saving that ſhe had a more ſmiling eye,
A ſmoother chin, a cheek of purer dye,
A fainter voice, a more enticing face,
A deeper treſs, a more delighting grace.

O bleſſed bond! O happy marriage *!
Twixt Chriſt and us which union doth preſage!
O chaſteſt Friendſhip, whoſe pure flames impart
Two ſouls in one, two hearts within one heart!

* I am aware of the diſadvantage, under which this addreſs to chaſte connubial love will be read by thoſe, to whoſe recollection cannot but recur Milton's

Hail wedded love, &c. &c. PAR. LOST, IV. 750.

They will be pleaſed, however, to ſee how a VIRGIL has improved and decorated the primary thought of an ENNIUS.



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O holy knot, in Eden instituted,
Not in this earth with blood and wrong polluted!
O sacred cov'nant, which the sinless Son
Of the blest Virgin, when he first begun
To publish proofs of his dread power divine,
By turning water into perfect wine,
At lesser *Cana*, in a wondrous manner,
Did with his presence sanctify and honour!

By thy dear favour *, after our decease,
We leave behind our living images;
Change war to peace, in kindred multiply,
And in our children live eternally.—
For now the Lord commands the happy pair
With chaste embraces to repleniſh fair,
Th' unpeopled earth; that, while the world endures,
Here might succeed their living portraitures.

* Through the DEAR MIGHT of him who walk'd the waves,—— LYCIDAS, 173.

THE

# THE SEVENTH DAY;

## THE SABBATH.

One while he ſees, how th' ample ſea doth take
The liquid hommage of each other lake *.

Not that I mean to feign an idle God,
That luſks † in Heaven, nor ever looks abroad;
Blind to our ſervice, deaf unto our ſighes,
That crowns not virtue, and corrects not vice;
A pagan idol, void of power and pity,
A ſleeping dormouſe, a dead Deity.
For, though alas! ſometimes I cannot ſhun
But ſome profane thoughts in my mind will run,
I never think on God, but I conceive
(Whence cordial comfort Chriſtian ſouls receive)

* As I ſhall have to exhibit in this book ſome tolerably connected paſſages reſpecting the Power and Providence of the Deity, I ſhould not have introduced this *aliene* couplet, but that the harmony and beautiful effect of the ſecond line peculiarly ſtruck me. What follows, in this book, is rather marked by a *momentous plainneſs*.

† *To luſk*, is *to be indolent, ſluggiſh*.



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In him care, council, juſtice, mercy, might,
To puniſh wrongs and patroniſe the right.

God is not ſitting in regardleſs ſtate,——
Content to have made, by his great word, to move
So many radiant ſtars as ſhine above,
And on each thing, with his own hand, to draw
The ſacred text of an eternal law;
Then, boſoming his hand, to let them ſlide,
With reins at will, where'er that law may guide.

God is the ſoul, the life, the ſtrength, the ſinew,
That quickens, moves, and makes this frame continue:
God's the main ſpring, that maketh every way
All the ſmall wheels of this great engine play;
God's the ſtrong *Atlas*, whoſe unſhrinking ſhoulders
Have been, and ſtill are, Heaven's huge globes' upholders.

His high behеſt Heaven's courſe doth never break;
The floating water waiteth at his beck;
— — — — — — — — —
The earth is his; and there is nothing found,
In all thoſe kingdoms, but is mov'd each hour
With ſecret touch of his eternal power.

God is the Judge, who keeps continual ſeſſions
In every place, to puniſh all tranſgreſſions;——
Himſelf

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Himself is Judge, Jury, and Witneſs too,
Well-knowing what we all think, ſpeak, or do;
He ſounds the deepeſt of the double heart,
Searcheth the reins, and fifteth ev'ry part;
He ſees all ſecrets, and his Lynx-like eye,
Ere it be thought, doth ev'ry thought deſcry.

Howe'er it ſeems that human things oft ſlide
Unbridedly with ſo uncertain tide,
That, in the ocean of events ſo many,
The HAND OF GOD is ſcarcely ſeen of any;
Who rather deem that giddy Fortune guideth
All that beneath the ſilver moon betideth;
Yet art thou ever juſt, O God, the I
Cannot always thy judgments' depth deſcry,
Unable to pervade the great deſign
Of thy dread councils, ſacred and divine.
O how it grieves me! how am I amaz'd,
That they, whoſe faith, like glift'ring ſtars, hath
blaz'd
Ev'n in the darkeſt night, ſhould ſtill object,
Againſt a doctrine of ſo ſweet effect,
That "Oft, alas! with weeping eyes they ſee
Th' ungodly man in moſt proſperity,
Cloathed in purple, crown'd with diadems,
Swaying bright ſceptres, hoarding gold and gems,
Crouch'd to, and courted, with all kind affection,
As priviledg'd by Heaven's divine protection."

Know

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Know then that God, (to th' end he be not thought
A power-leſs Judge,) here ſcourgeth many a fault;
And many a crime here leaves unpuniſhed,
That guilty man may his laſt judgment dread.
Juſtly we credit that God's hand compos'd
All in ſix days; and that he then repos'd,
By his example giving us beheſt,
On the SEVENTH DAY for evermore to reſt.

Now the chief end this precept aims at is,
To quench in us the flames of *covetize* *;
That, while we reſt from all prophaner arts,
God's ſpirit may work in our retiring hearts,
That, treading down all earthly cogitations,
Our thoughts may mount to heavenly meditations.

For, by th' Almighty, this great holy day
Was not ordain'd to dance, to maſk, and play;
To ſlug in ſloth, and languiſh in delights,
And looſe the reins to raging appetites;
To turn God's feaſts to filthy Lupercals,
To frantic Orgies, and fond Saturnals;
To dazzle eyes with Pride's vain-glorious ſplendour,——

* Coveteouſneſs, Luſt, *Cupido*.

As

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As th' irreligion of loose times hath since
Chang'd the prime church's chaster innocence.

He would this Sabbath should a figure be
Of the blest Sabbath of Eternity.
The one, as legal, heeds but outward things;
The other rest to soul and body brings;
The one a day endures; the other's fate
Eternity shall not exterminate;
Shadows the one, th' other doth truth include;
This stands in freedom, that in servitude;
With cloudy cares one's muffled up somewhiles,
The other's face is wrapp'd in pleasing smiles.—
'Tis the grand Jubilee, the Feast of Feasts,
Sabbath of Sabbaths, endless Rest of Rests;
Which, with our Prophets, and Apostles zealous,
The constant Martyrs, and our Christian fellows;
God's faithful servants, and his chosen sheep,
Ere long we hope in Heaven's blest realms to keep.

---

See'st thou those Stars we wrongly wand'ring call?
Tho' diverse ways they dance about this ball,
Yet evermore their manyfold career
Follows the course of the first-moving sphere:
This teacheth thee, that, though thine own desires
Be opposite to what Heaven's will requires,
Thou still must strive to follow, all thy days,
God, the FIRST MOVER, in his holy ways.

The

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The Moon, whoſe ſplendour from her Brother ſprings,
May by example bid thee vail thy wings * ;
For thou, no leſs than the pale Queen of Nights,
Borrow'ſt all goodneſs from the PRINCE OF LIGHTS.

The Sea, which ſometimes down to Hell is driven,
And ſometimes heaves a frothy mount to Heaven,
Yet never breaks the bounds of her *precinct*,
Wherein the Lord her boiſt'rous arms hath link'd,
Inſtructeth thee, that neither tyrant's rage,
Ambition's winds, nor golden vaſſalage
Of Avarice, nor any love or fear,
From God's commands ſhould make thee ſhrink a hair.

---

Nor is there aught in our dear mother found,
But pithily ſome virtue doth propound.
O let the noble, rich, wiſe, valiant,
Become as baſe, poor, faint, and ignorant!
O let them learn, (the fields when Autumn ſhears,)
Humility among the bearded eares;
Which ſtill, the fuller of the flow'ry grain,
Bend down the more their humble heads again;

* Humble thyſelf; lower thy flight.

And

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And ay, the higher and the leſs their flore;
They lift aloft their chubby creſts the more.

Canſt thou the ſecret ſympathy behold
Betwixt the bright Sun and the Marygold,
And not conſider, that we muſt no leſs
Follow in life the SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS?

As Iron, touch'd by th' Adamant's effect,
To the North pole doth ever point direct,
So the Soul, touch'd once by the ſecret power
Of a true lively faith, looks ev'ry hour
To the bright Lamp, which ſerves for *Cynoſure*
To all that ſail upon Life's ſea obſcure.

## THE 1ſt DAY OF THE 2d WEEK:

## ADAM.

### PART THE FIRST; EDEN.

— — — — — — — — —

Grant me the ſtory of thy Church to ſing,
And geſts of Kings; the total let me bring
From

From thy firſt Sabbath to man's fatal tomb,
My ſtile extending to the day of doom.

---

Ye Pagan poets, who audaciouſly
Have ſought to dark the ever memory
Of God's great works! from henceforth ſtill be dumb
Your fabled praiſes of Elyſium,
Which by this goodly model you have wrought,
Through deaf tradition that your Fathers taught;
For the Almighty made his bliſsful bowers
Better, indeed, than you have feigned yours.

---

The all-claſping Heavens,——

---

— the cryſtal of ſmooth-ſliding floods.

---

Yet, over-curious, queſtion not the ſite,
Where God did plant this garden of delight;
Whether beneath the equinoctial line,
Or on a mountain near Latona's ſhine,
Nigh Babylon, or in the radiant Eaſt;
Humbly content thee, that thou know'ſt at leaſt,
That that rare plenteous, pleaſant, happy thing,
Whereof th' Almighty made our grandſire King,
Was a choice ſoil, thro' which did roaring ſlide
Swift Gihon, Piſhon, and rich Tigris' tide,

With

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With that fair ſtream, whoſe ſilver waves do kiſs
The monarch towers of proud Semiramis.

———— the thunder-darter——

Nor think that Moſes paints, fantaſtic-wiſe,
A myſtic tale of feigned Paradiſe,—
Ideal Adam's food fantaſtical,
His ſin ſuppos'd, his pain poetical:
Such allegories ſerve for ſhelter fit
To curious ideots of erroneous wit.

——— Time, whoſe ſlippery wheel doth play
In human cauſes with inconſtant ſway,

No, none of theſe; theſe are but forgeries,
Mere toyes and tales and dreams, deceit and lies;
But thou art true, altho' our ſhallow ſenſe
May honour more, than ſound thine excellence.

Mankind was then a thouſand fold more wiſe
Than now; blind error had not blear'd his eyes
With miſts;————————

——— Heaven-prompted Prophets———

Now Heaven's eternal, all-foreſeeing, King——

—— yet

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——yet is it much admir'd
Of rareſt men, and ſhines among them bright,
Like gliſt'ring ſtars thro' gloomy ſhades of night.

---

When the Soul's eye beholds God's countenance;
As when St. Paul on his dear Maſter's wings
Was rapt alive up to eternal things,
And he, that whilom, for the choſen flock,
Made walls of waters, waters of a rock.

---

—Heaven's great Architect——
Glorioufly compaſs'd with the bleſſed legions,
That reign above the azure ſpangled regions.

---

Take all the reſt, I bid thee; but I vow
By th' un-nam'd name, whereto all knees do bow,
And by the keen darts of my kindled ire,
More fiercely burning than conſuming fire,
That, of the Fruit of Knowledge if thou feed,
Death, dreadful Death, ſhall plague thee and thy
ſeed.

---

Or caſt me headlong from ſome mountain ſteep
Down to the whirling bottom of the deep.

---

And, yet not treading Sin's falſe mazy meaſures,
Sails on ſmooth ſurges of a ſea of pleaſures.

---

By

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By ſome clear river's lily-paved ſide,
Whoſe ſand's pure gold, whoſe pebbles pretious gems,
And liquid ſilver all the curling ſtreams ;—

---

Then up and down a foreſt thick he paceth ;
Which, ſelfly op'ning in his preſence, 'baſeth
Her trembling treſſes' never-fading ſpring,
In humble homage to her mighty King.

---

But ſeeſt thou not, my Muſe, thou tread'ſt the ſame
Too curious path thou doſt in others blame ?
And ſtriv'ſt in vain to paint this work of choice ;
The which no human ſpirit, hand, nor voice,
Can once conceive, leſs pourtray, leaſt expreſs,
All overwhelm'd in gulphs ſo bottomleſs ?

---

If the ſly malice of the ſerpent hated,
Cauſing their fall, had not defil'd their kin,
And unborn ſeed, with leproſy of ſin.

---

So the world's ſoul ſhould in our ſoul inſpire
Th' eternal force of an eternal fire.

---

——— Man's proud apoſtacy ;———



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# PART THE SECOND;

## THE IMPOSTURE.

O who ſhall lend me light and nimble wings—
That in a moment, boldly-daring, I
From Heaven to Hell, from Hell to Heaven may fly?—
What ſpell ſhall charm the attentive Reader's ſenſe?
What fount ſhall fill my voice with eloquence?

Ah! thou, my God, ev'n thou, my ſoul refining
In holy Faith's pure furnace clearly ſhining,
Shalt make my hap far to ſurmount my hope,
Inſtruct my ſpirit, and give my tongue free ſcope:
Thou bounteous in my bold attempts ſhalt grace me,
And in the rank of holieſt poets place me;
And frankly grant, that, ſoaring through the ſky,
Upborne on Eagle's pennons, I may fly.—



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While Adam bathes in theſe felicities,
Hell's Prince, fly parent of revolt and lies,
Feels a peſtiferous buſy ſwarming neſt
Of never-dying dragons in his breaſt;——
While, above all, HATE, PRIDE, and ENVIOUS SPITE,
With ceaſeleſs tortures vex him day and night.
The *hate* he bears to God, who hath him driven
Juſtly for ever from the glittering Heaven,
To dwell in darkneſs of a ſulphry cloud:—
The *proud deſire* to have in his ſubjection
Mankind enchain'd in gyves of ſin's infection:
The *envious heart-break* to behold yet ſhine
In Adam's face God's image all divine,
Which *he* had loſt:——————
Theſe barb'rous tyrants of his treach'rous will
Spur on his courſe, his rage redoubling ſtill.

---

The dragon, then, man's fortreſs to ſurpriſe,
Follows ſome Captain's martial policies;
Who, ere too near an adverſe place he pitch,
The ſituation marks, and ſounds the ditch;
With his eye's level the ſteep wall he metes,
Surveys the flank, his camp in order ſets;
And then approaching batters fierce the ſide,
Which Art and Nature leaſt have fortified:
So this old ſoldier, having marked rife
The firſt-born pair's yet danger-dreadleſs life,



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Mounting his cannons, cunningly aſſaults
The part he finds in evident defaults,
Namely, poor woman, wav'ring, weak, unwiſe,
Light, credulous,——————

" Eve, ſecond honour of this univerſe!
Is 't true, I pray, a jealous God perverſe
Strictly forbids to you and all your race
All the fair fruits theſe ſilver brooks embrace,
To you bequeathed, and by you poſſeſt,
Day after day, by your own labour dreſt?"

With breath of theſe ſweet words the wily ſnake
A poiſon'd air inſpired, as he ſpake,
In Eve's frail breaſt; who thus replies:—" O know
(Whoe'er thou art, but thy kind care doth ſhew
A gentle friend,) that all the fruits and flowers
This garden yields are in our hands and powers,
Except alone that goodly tree divine,
Which in the midſt of this green ground doth ſhine;
The all-good God (alas! I wot not why)
Forbad us touch that tree, on pain to die."
—She ceas'd; already brooding in her heart
A growing wiſh, that ſhall her weal ſubvert.

As a falſe lover, that thick ſnares hath laid
T' entrap the honour of a fair young maid,

If

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If ſhe (though little) liſt'ning ear affords
To his ſweet, courting, deep-affected words,
Feels ſome affwaging of his ardent flame,
And ſoothes himſelf with hopes to win his game;
While, rapt with joy, he on this point perſiſts,
" That parleying city never long reſiſts :"
Ev'n ſo the ſerpent———————
Perceiving Eve his flatt'ring gloze digeſt,
He proſecutes, and jocund doth not reſt——

" No, Fair," quoth he, " believe not, that the care,
God hath from ſpoiling death mankind to ſpare,
Makes him forbid you, on ſuch ſtrict condition,
This pureſt, faireſt, rareſt fruit's fruition!—
A double fear, an envy and a hate,
His jealous heart for ever cruciate!
Since the ſuſpected virtue of this tree
Shall ſoon diſperſe the cloud of idiocy,
That dims your eyes; and, further, make you ſeem,
Excelling us, Gods equal ev'n to him.
O WORLD'S RARE GLORY! reach thy happy hand!
Reach, reach, I ſay; why doſt thou ſtop or ſtand?
Begin thy bliſs, and do not fear the threat
Of an uncertain God-head, only great

Through ſelf-aw'd zeal: put on the gliſt'ring pall
Of immortality *.——

A novice thief, who in a cloſet ſpies
A heap of gold that on a table lies,
Fearful, and trembling, twice or thrice extends,
And twice or thrice retires, his fingers' ends;
And yet again returns, the booty takes;——
Ev'n ſo doth *Eve* ſhew, by like fearful faſhions,
The doubtful combat of contending paſſions;
She would, ſhe ſhould not; ſad, glad, comes, and goes;—
But, ah! at laſt ſhe raſhly toucheth it,
And, having touch'd, taſtes the forbidden bit.

Then, as a man, that from a lofty clift,
Or ſteepy mountain, doth deſcend too ſwift,
If chance he ſtumble, catches at a limb
Of ſome dear kinſman walking next to him,
And falling headlong, drags along his friend
To an untimely, ſad, and ſudden end;

* I think the taſteful reader may be ſtruck with this fine concluſion of the extract, which I have here given from the tempter's ſpeech. Were I not ſuſpicious of a little *editorial* partiality, I ſhould appreciate it as a genuine poetical expreſſion of the fineſt effect, and worthy of any age of poeſy.

Indeed the whole of the ſpeech is well-imagined, and finely condenſed. It muſt be admitted that Milton has obligations to it.

Our

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Our mother, falling, hales her ſpouſe anon
Down to the gulph of pitchy Acheron:
For to the wiſh'd fruits beautiful aſpect,
Its nectar taſte, and wonderful effect,
Cunningly adding her ſweet-ſmiling glances,
Perſuaſive ſpeech, and charming countenances,
She ſo prevails, that her blind Lord at laſt
A morſel of the fatal fruit doth taſte.

Now ſuddenly wide open feel they might,
Seal'd for their good, their mind and body's ſight;
But the ſad ſoul hath loſt the character,
And ſacred image that did honour her:
The wretched body, full of ſhame and ſorrow,
To cloath it's nakedneſs is forc'd to borrow
The tree's broad leaves, whereof they aprons frame,
From Heaven's fair eye to hide their filthy ſhame.
Alas, fond deathlings! Think you, ſilly ſouls,
The ſight, which ſwiftly through Earth's ſolid centres,
As through a cryſtal globe tranſparent, enters,
Cannot tranſpierce your leaves? Or do you ween,
Cov'ring your ſhame, ſo to conceal your ſin?
Or that, a part thus clouded, all might lie
Safe from the ſearch of Heaven's all-ſeeing eye?—

As yet man's troubled dull intelligence
Had of his fault but a confuſed ſenſe;—



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When now the Lord, within the garden fair
Moving betimes a ſupernatural air,
Which midſt the trees paſſing with breath divine
Brings of his preſence the undoubted ſign,
Awakes their lethargy———————
Now more and more making their pride to fear
The frowning viſage of their Judge ſevere,
While, for new refuge in more ſecret harbors,
They ſeek the dark ſhade of theſe tufting arbors.

"Adam!" quoth God with thund'ring majeſty,
"Where art thou, wretch? What do'ſt thou?—
Anſwer me,
Thy God and Father; from whoſe hand thy health
Thou hold'ſt, thine honour and abundant wealth."

At this ſad ſummons, woful man reſembles
The bearded ruſh, that in the river trembles:
His roſy cheeks are chang'd to earthy hue;
His fainting body drops with icy dew;
His tear-drown'd eyes a night of clouds bedims;
About his ears a buzzing horror ſwims;
His tott'ring knees with feeblenefs are humble;
His fault'ring feet beneath him ſlide and ſtumble;
He hath no more his free bold ſtately port,
But downcaſt looks, in fearful ſlaviſh ſort.
Now nought of Adam doth in Adam reſt;
He feels his ſenſes pain'd, his ſoul oppreſt;

A con-

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A confus'd hoſt of violent paſſions jar;
His fleſh and ſpirit are in continual war;
No more, through conſcience of his fatal error,
He hears or ſees th' Almighty, but with terror;
And anſwers loth, as with a tongue diſtraught,
Confeſſing thus his fear, but not his fault.

"O Lord, thy voice, thy dreadful voice hath made
Me fearful hide me in this covert ſhade;
For, naked as I am, O Lord of might,
I dare not come before thine awful ſight."

"Naked?" quoth God, "O faithleſs renegate!
Apoſtate pagan! who hath told thee that?
Whence ſprings thy ſhame? What makes thee thus to run
From ſhade to ſhade, my preſence ſtill to ſhun?
Haſt thou not taſted of that ſacred tree,
Whereof, on pain of death, I warned thee?"

"O righteous God!" quoth *Adam*, "I am free
From this offence. The wife thou gaveſt me,
For my companion and my comforter,
She made me eat that deadly meat with her."

"And thou," quoth God, "O thou falſe treach'rous bride!
Why with thyſelf haſt thou ſeduc'd thy guide?"
"Lord!"

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" Lord !" anſwers Eve, " the ſerpent did entice
My ſimple frailty to this ſinful vice."

Hereon, the Almighty with juſt indignation
Pronounceth thus their dreadful condemnation.
" Thou curſed ſerpent! fountain of all ill!
Thou ſhalt be hateful 'mongſt all creatures ſtill.
Grov'ling in duſt, of duſt thou ay ſhalt feed;
I'll kindle war between the woman's ſeed
And thy fell race; her's on the head ſhall ding
Thine; thine again her's in the heel ſhall ſting.

" Rebel to me! and to thy kindred curſt!
Falſe to thy huſband! to thyſelf the worſt!
Hope not thy fruit ſo eaſily to bring forth
As now thou ſlay'ſt it. Henceforth every birth
Shall torture thee———————————

" And thou, diſloyal, which haſt hearken'd more
To a wanton fondling than my ſacred lore!
Henceforth the ſweat ſhall bubble on thy brow,
Thy hands ſhall bliſter, and thy back ſhall bow;
Henceforth the earth ſhall feel in her th' effect
Of the doom thunder'd 'gainſt thy foul defect;
Inſtead of ſweet fruits, which ſhe ſelfly yields
Seed-leſs and art-leſs over all thy fields,
With thorns and burs ſhall briſtle up her breaſt;
Nor henceforth ſhalt thou taſte the ſweets of reſt,
Till ruthleſs Death, by his extremeſt pain,
Thy duſt-born body turn to duſt again."

" Hence!"

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"Hence," quoth the Lord, "hence, hence, accurſed race,
Out of my garden! Quick avoid the place;
This beauteous place, pride of this univerſe,
A houſe unworthy maſters ſo perverſe."

*Imagine now* the bitter agonies
And luke-warm rivers guſhing down the eyes
Of our firſt parents out of Eden driven,
Of pardon hopeleſs, by the hand of Heaven;
While the Almighty ſet before the door
Of th' holy park a ſeraphim that bore
A waving ſword tremendous, ſhining bright,
Like flaming comet in the midſt of night *.

* The ſelections from this book are, in general, made not ſo much for their poetical merit, as to ſhow Du Bartas's manner of deſcribing the TEMPTATION and FALL.
Paſſages more poetical might have been produced.

PART

# PART THE THIRD;

## THE FURIES.

THIS ſea I ſail, this troubled air I ſip,
Are not the firſt week's glorious workmanſhip;
This wretched round is not the goodly globe
Th' eternal trimm'd with ſuch a various robe;
'Tis but a dungeon and a dreadful cave,
Of that firſt world the miſerable grave.

---

Now mortal Adam, monarch here beneath,
Erring draws all into the paths of death;
And on rough ſeas, as a blind pilot raſh,
Againſt the rock of Heav'n's juſt wrath doth daſh
The world's great veſſell, ſailing erſt at eaſe,
With gentle gales, ſecure on quiet ſeas.—
Before his fall, which way ſoever roll'd,
His wond'ring eyes God ev'ry where behold;
In Heaven, in Earth, in Ocean, and in Air,
He ſees, and feels, and finds him every where.
But, ſince his ſin, the woful wretch finds none—

— — — — — — — — — —

Mountain

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Mountain or valley, ſea-gate, ſhore, or haven,
But bears his Death's doom openly ingraven;
In brief, the whole ſcope this round centre hath,
Is now a ſtore-houſe of Heaven's righteous wrath.
Rebellious Adam, from his God revolting,
Finds his once-ſubjects 'gainſt himſelf inſulting;
The troubled ſea, the air with tempeſts driven,
Thorn-briſtled earth, a ſad and low'ring Heaven.

---

The greedy ocean, breaking wonted bounds,
Uſurps his heards, his wealthy iſles and towns.

---

Once happy we did rule the ſcaly legions,
That dumbly dwell in water's ſtormy regions;
The feather'd ſongſters, and the ſtubborn droves,
That haunt the deſarts and the ſhady groves;
— — — — — — — — —
But now, alas!, through our firſt parent's fall,
They of our ſlaves are grown our tyrants all.
Sail we the ſea? The dread Leviathan
Turns upſide-down the boiling ocean,
And, on a ſudden, ſadly doth entomb
Our floating caſtle in deep Thetis' womb.
Go we by land? How many loathſome ſwarms
Of ſpeckled poiſons, with peſtiferous arms,
In every corner ambuſh'd cloſely lurk,
With ſecret bands our ſudden bane to work!
Beſides the Lion and the Lëopard,
Boar, Beare, and Wolfe, to death purſue us hard;
And,

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And, jealous vengers of the wrongs divine,
In pieces tear their Sov'reign's finful line.

---

What hideous fight! what horror-boding fhows!
Alas! what yells! what howls! what thund'ring throws!

— — — — — — — — — —

What fpells have charm'd you from your dread-ful den
Of darkeft Hell, monfters abhorr'd of men?
O Night's black daughters! grim-fac'd Furies fad!
Stern Pluto's poft! what brings you here fo mad?
O feels not man a world of woful terrors,
Befides your goaring wounds and ghaftly horrors?
So foon as God from Eden Adam drave
To live in this earth, (rather in the grave,
Where reign a thoufand deaths,) he fummon'd up,
With thund'ring call, the damned crew, that fup
Of fulphry Styx, and fiery Phlegethon,
Bloody Cocytus, muddy Acheron.
Come fnake-trefs'd fyfters! come ye difmal elves!
Ceafe now to curfe and cruciate yourfelves!
Come, leave the horror of your houfes pale!
Come, hither bring your foul, black, baneful gall!
Let lack of work no more, from henceforth, fear you!
Man by his fin a hundred Hells doth rear you.
This eccho made whole Hell to tremble troubled;
The drowfy night her deep dark horrors doubled,

And

And ſuddenly Avernus' gulph did ſwim
With roſin, pitch, and brimſtone, to the brim;
While the fierce Gorgons and the Sphinxes fell,
Hydras and Harpies, 'gan to yawn and yell.——
Now the three ſiſters, the three hideous *Rages*,
'Mid thouſand ſtorms ruſh from th' infernal ſtages;
Furious they rowl their adamantine cars,
O'er th' ever-ſhaking ninefold ſteely bars
Of th' Stygian bridge————

Having attain'd to our calm hav'n of light,
With ſwifter courſe than Boreas' nimble flight,
All fly at man, all, with invet'rate ſtrife,
Who moſt may torture his deteſted life.

Here firſt comes DEARTH, the lively form of Death,
Still yawning wide, with loathſom ſtinking breath,
With hollow eyes, with meagre cheeks and chin,
With ſharp lean bones, piercing her ſable ſkin:
Her empty bowels may be plainly ſpy'd
Clear thro' the wrinkles of her wither'd hide:
— — — — — — — — — —
Inſatiate Orc! that ev'n at one repaſt
Almoſt all creatures in the world would waſte!
With greedy gorge to fill her monſtrous maw!—

Next marcheth WAR, the miſtreſs of enormity,
Mother of miſchief, monſter of deformity:

Laws,

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Laws, manners, arts, ſhe breaks, ſhe mars, ſhe
chaces;
Blood, tears, bow'rs, tow'rs, ſhe ſpills, ſwills,
burns, and razes;
Her brazen feet ſhake all the earth aſunder,
Her mouth 's a fire-brand, and her voice a thunder;
Her looks are light'nings, every glance a flaſh—
— — — — — — — — — —
Fear and Deſpair, Flight and Diſorder, coaſt
With haſty march before her murd'rous hoſt;
Sack, Sacrilege, Impunity, and Pride,
Are ſtill ſtern conſorts by her barb'rous ſide;
While Sorrow, Poverty, and Deſolation,
Follow her army's bloody tranſmigration.

The other Fury * next man's life aſſails
— — — — — — — — — —
With thouſand weapons, ſooner felt than ſeen;
Where weakeſt, ſtrongeſt; fraught with deadly
teen;
Blind, crooked, crippled, maimed, deaf, and mad,
Cold-burning, bliſter'd, melancholy, ſad;
Many-nam'd poiſon, miniſter of death,
Which from us creeps, but to us gallopeth!

---

Againſt the body all theſe champions ſtout
Strive; ſome within, and other ſome without:—

---

* Sickness.

But

But lo four Captains far more fierce and eager,
That on all ſides the ſoul itſelf beleaguer!

Sorrow's firſt leader of this furious crowd;
Muffled all over in a ſable cloud;
Old before age, afflicted night and day,
Her face with wrinkles warped ev'ry way;
Creeping in corners, where ſhe ſits and vies
Sighs from her heart, tears from her big-ſwoln eyes;
Accompanied with ſelf-conſuming Care,
With weeping Pity, Thought, and mad Deſpair.

The ſecond Captain is exceſſive Joy;——
She hath in conduct falſe vain-glorious Vaunting,
Bold, ſoothing, ſhameleſs, loud, injurious, taunting;
The winged giant, lofty-ſtaring Pride,
That in the clouds her braving creſt doth hide;
And many others, like the empty bubbles,
That riſe, when rain the liquid cryſtal troubles.

The third is blood-leſs, heart-leſs, witleſs Fear,
Like Aſpin tree, ſtill trembling ev'ry where;
She leads black Terror, and baſe-clowniſh Shame;
And drowſy Sloth, that counterfeiteth lame,
With ſnail-like motion meaſuring the ground,
Having her arms in willing fetters bound.——
And thou, Desire, whom nor the firmament,
Nor air, nor earth, nor ocean, can content!



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Thou art the fourth; and under thy command
Thou bring'ſt to field a rough unruly band:
Firſt ſecret-burning mighty-ſwoln Ambition,
Pent in no limits, pleas'd with no condition,
Whom Epicurus' many worlds ſuffice not,
Whoſe furious thirſt of proud-aſpiring dies not,
Whoſe hands, tranſported with fantaſtic paſſion,
Graſp painted ſceptres in imagination;
Then Avarice——————————
The more her wealth, the more her wretchedneſs;
Whoſe foul baſe fingers in each dunghill pore,
Starving, like Tantalus, in midſt of ſtore;
Then boiling Wrath, ſtern, cruel, ſwift, and raſh,
That like a bear her teeth do grind and gnaſh;
Whoſe hair doth ſtare like briſtled Porcupine,
Who ſometimes rowls her ghaſtly-glowing eyne,
And ſometimes on the ground doth fix'dly glance,
Now bleak, then bloody in her countenance.

---

Now if, but like the light'ning in the ſky,
Theſe furious paſſions ſwiftly paſſed by,
The fear were leſs; but ah! too oft they leave
Keen ſtings behind in ſouls which they deceive.
Alas! how theſe (far worſe than death) diſeaſes
Exceed each ſickneſs which our body ſeizes!
Thoſe make us open war, and by their ſpight
Give to the patient many a wholeſome light,
Whereby the Doctor, gueſſing at our grief,
Not ſeldom finds ſure means for our relief;

But,

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But, for the ills which rule our intellect,——
They reſt unknown, or rather ſelf-conceal'd;
For ſoul-ſick patients care not to be heal'd.

# PART THE FOURTH;

## THE HANDY-CRAFTS.

——————— a coat ſo rare,
That it reſembles Nature's mantle fair,
When in the ſun, in pomp all gliſt'ring,
She ſeems with ſmiles to woo the gaudy ſpring.

—— bright Olympus' ſtarry canopy.

Rein-ſearching God, thought-ſounding Judge,—

— a grove,
Upon the verdure of whoſe virgin boughs
Bird had not perch'd, nor ever beaſt did brouze.

Think not to 'ſcape the ſtorm of vengeance dread,
That hangs already o'er thy hateful head!



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A burning mountain, from his fiery vein,
An iron river rolls along the plain.

---

— Echo rings
'Mid rocky concaves of the babbling vales,
And bubbling rivers roll'd by gentle gales.

---

——— our thought's internal eye.

---

With thee at once the threefold times do fly,
And but a moment lasts eternity.

---

——— azure-gilded Heaven's pavillion fair.

---

Th' eternal Sabbath's endless festival.

---

Lo, how he labours to endure the light,
Which in th' ARCH ESSENCE shineth glorious bright!

---

From these profane and foul embraces sprung
A cruel brood, feeding on blood and wrong;
Fell giants strange, of haughty hand and mind,
Plagues of the world, and scourges of mankind.

THE

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# The 2d DAY of the 2d WEEK;

# NOAH.

## PART THE FIRST; THE ARK.

As ſome young river,——————
From barren rocks firſt drop by drop proceeding,
Soon, tow'rds the ſea, the more he flees his ſource,
With growing ſtreams ſtrengthens his gliding courſe,
Rolls, roars, and foams, raging with reſtleſs motion,
And proudly ſcorns the greatneſs of the ocean.

Wiſhing already to diſ-throne th' ETERNAL,—

The heavy hand of the high Thunderer.

— I conceive aright
Th' ALMIGHTY-MOST to be moſt infinite;
That th' ONELY ESSENCE feels not in his mind
The furious tempeſts of fell paſſions' wind;

 That,

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That, moveleſs, all he moves; that with one thought
He can build Heaven, and builded bring to nought;
That his high throne's inclos'd in glorious fire,
Paſt our approach; that our faint ſoul doth tire,
Our ſpirit grows ſpiritleſs, when it ſeeks, by ſenſe,
To ſound his infinite Omnipotence.
I ſurely know the cherubims do hover,
With flaming wings, his ſtarry face to cover:
None ſees the Great, the Almighty, Holy ONE,
But paſſing-by, and by the back alone:
To us his eſſence is inexplicable,
Wond'rous his ways, his name un-utterable.

---

For in the Heavens, above all reach of ours,
God dwells immur'd in diamantine towers.

---

— O Heaven's freſh fans * !——
O you, my heralds, and my harbingers!
My nimble poſts, and ſpeedy meſſengers!
Mine arms, my ſinews, and my eagles ſwift,
That thro' the air my rolling chariot lift,
When from my mouth in juſtly-kindled ire
Fly ſulph'ry flames, and hot conſuming fire,

* God addreſſes the winds.

When,

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When, with my light'ning ſceptre's dreadful
wonder,
I muſter horror, darkneſs, clouds and thunder!
Wake, riſe, and run; and drink theſe waters dry,
That hills and dales have hidden from the ſky.
Th' Æolian croud obeys his mighty call;
The ſurly ſurges of the waters fall;
The ſea retreateth;———

---

— hope-chear'd Noah———
——— now offers up in zealous wife
The peaceful ſcent of ſweet burnt-ſacrifice;
And ſends withall, above the ſtarry pole,
Theſe winged ſighs from a religious ſoul.

" World-ſhaking Father! Winds' King! Calming ſeas!
With mild aſpect behold us! Lord, appeaſe
Thine anger's tempeſt,———
And bound for ever in their antient caves
Theſe ſtormy ſeas' deep world-devouring waves!"

---

The weeping woods of happy Araby,——

---

Let the pearly morn,
The radiant noon, and rheumy evening, ſee
His neck ſtill yoked with captivity!



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# PART THE SECOND;

## BABYLON.

ENTHRONIS'D thus, the tyrant 'gan deviſe
To perpetrate a thouſand cruelties;
Boldly ſubverting, for his appetite,
God's, Man's, and Nature's triple ſacred right.

Ariſe betimes, while th' opal-coloured morn
In golden pomp doth May-day's door adorn;
Ariſe, and hear the diff'rent voices ſweet
Of painted ſongſters, in the groves that greet
Their gentle mates, each in his phraſe and faſhion
Utt'ring in various ſtrains his tender paſſion.

——— the foreſt-haunting heards———

——— the All-forming voice———

Gold-winged Morpheus———

Where May ſtill reigns, and roſe-crown'd Zephyrus.

His

His Heaven-tuned harp ſhall ſtill reſound,
While the bright Day-ſtar rides his glorious round.

---

Sweet-number'd *Homer*———————
Clear-ſtyl'd *Herodotus*———————

---

—— choice-term'd *Petrarch*, in deep paſſions grac'd,—
— — — — — — — — — — —
The fluent feigner of *Orlando's* error,——

---

# PART THE THIRD;

## THE COLONIES.

---

WHAT bright-brown cloud ſhall in the day protect me?
What fiery pillar ſhall by night direct me
Towards each people's primer reſidence?—

---

——— the

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——— the ſpicy morning,———

Where ſtately Ob, the King of rivers, roars.

And *Niniveh*, more famous than the reſt,
Above them rais'd her many-tower'd creſt:—

——— where Titan's evening ſplendor ſank;—
And tow'rds where Phœbus doth each morning wake
With *Adel* ocean, and the *Crimſon Lake* *.

—— Scepter'd *Elam*——

The pine-plough'd ſea,———

Such was the *Goth*, who whilom, iſſuing forth
From the cold frozen iſlands of the North,
Encamp'd by *Viſtula*;———————
He with victorious arms *Sclavonia* gains,
The *Tranſylvanian* and *Valacchian* plains.

——with eyes of faith they ſaw
Th' inviſible Meſſias in the Law.

* The Æthiopian ocean and Red Sea.

The

The ſons of theſe, like flowing waters, ſpread
O'er all the country, which is bordered
By *Chieſel* river;——————

---

Then, paſſing *Seſtos'* ſtraights, they pitch their fold
In vales of *Rhodope*; and plough the plains,
Where great *Danubius* near his death complains.

---

With the far-flowing ſilver *Euphrates*,—

---

To pearl'd Aurora's ſaffron-colour'd bed.

---

—the ſhore,
Where th' azure ſeas of *Magelan* do roar.

---

That from cold *Scythia* his high name as far
Might ay reſound as ſun-burnt *Zanzabar*.

PART

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# PART THE FOURTH;

## THE COLUMNES.

MUCH-like a rock amid the ocean ſet,
Seeming great Neptune's ſurly pride to threat.

Upon Oblivion's dull and ſenſeleſs lap,——

That pallid-fac'd, ſad, ſtooping Nymph, whoſe eye
Still on the ground is fixed ſtedfaſtly.

Law of that law, which did the world creſt!

A ſilver creſcent wears *ſhe* * for a crown,
A hairy comet to her heels hangs down,
Brows ſtately bent in mild majeſtic wiſe,
Beneath the ſame two carbuncles for eyes,
An azure mantle waving at her back
With two bright claſps buckled about her neck;
From her right ſhoulder ſloping all athwart her
A watchet ſcarf, or broad embroidered garter,

* ASTRONOMY.

Flouriſh'd

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Flouriſh'd with beaſts of ſundry ſhapes, and each
With gliſt'ring ſtars imboſt and powder'd rich,
And then for wings the golden plumes ſhe wears
Of that proud bird which ſtarry rowels bears.

---

—— that fair chariot flaming bravely bright,
Which, like a whirlwind, in it's ſwift career
Rapt up the *Theſbite*;——————

---

His Satan-taming ſon, whoſe croſs abates *
Th' eternal hinges of th' infernal gates.

---

—— having with patience paſt
Such dreadful oceans, and ſuch deſerts vaſt,
Such gloomy foreſts, craggy rocks and ſteep,
Wide-yawning gulphs, and hideous dungeons deep.

---

The all-enlight'ning glorious firmament.

---

Day's princely planet,————

---

While mild-ey'd Mercy ſtealeth from his hand
The ſulphry plagues prepar'd for ſinful man.

* From the French *abattre, to beat down*; uſed in this ſenſe, I believe, by Dryden.

THE

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# THE 3d DAY OF THE 2d WEEK;

# ABRAHAM.

## PART THE FIRST; THE VOCATION.

TH' iron-footed courſers, luſty, freſh, and light,
With loud proud neighings for the combat call,

While the thick arrows ſhow'r on either ſide,
An iron-cloud Heaven's angry face doth hide.

Go, pay to Pluto, Prince of Acheron,
That tribute thou deny'ſt unto thy own.

— thy habit and thy tongue,
Thine arms, and more thy courage, yet ſo young,
Shew that in Sodom's wanton walls accurſt
Thou wert not born, nor in Gomorrha nurſt.

Sleep ſlowly harneſs'd his dull bears anon;
And in a noiſeleſs coach, all darkly dight,
Takes with him Silence, Drowſineſs, and Night;
Th' air thickens where he goes———
The wolf in woods lies down, the ox i' th' mead,
Th' Orc under water; and on beds of down
Men

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Men ſtretch their limbs,———————
The nightingale, perch'd on the tender ſpring
Of ſweeteſt hawthorn, hangs her drowſy wing;
The ſwallow's ſilent,———————
Th' yeugh moves no more, the aſp doth ceaſe to
ſhake,
Pines bow their heads, and ſeem ſome reſt to take.

---

Methinks already on our gliſt'ring creſts
The glorious garland of the conqueſt reſts.

---

Youth paints his cheek with roſe' and lilies' dies,
A lovely light'ning ſparkles in his eyes;
So that his gallant port, and graceful voice,
Confirm the fainteſt, make the ſad rejoice.

---

—— his gliſt'ring ſhield,
Whoſe glorious ſplendor darts a dreadful light.

---

Death and Deſpair, Horror and Fury, fight
Under thine enſigns in the diſmal night.

---

Melchiſedec, God's ſacred miniſter,
And King of Salem, comes to greet him there,
Bleſſing his bliſs; and thus with zealous cry
Pierces devout Heaven's ſtarful canopy.
"Bleſt be the Lord, that with his hand doth roll
The radiant orbs that turn about the pole!

Who

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Who rules the actions of all human kind
With full command! who with a blaſt of wind
Razes the rocks, and rends the proudeſt hills,
Dries up the ocean, and the empty fills!
Bleſt be the great God of great Abraham!
From age to age extolled be his name!
Let ev'ry place to him high altars build,
And every altar with his praiſe be fill'd!
His praiſe above the welkin ever ring
As loud, or louder than his angels ſing!"———

---

So from the ſea to the *Euphratean* ſource,
And ev'n from *Dan* to *Nilus'* cryſtal courſe,
Rings his renown!———

---

To the dry deſert's ſandy horror hied,——

---

Hence, hence the high and mighty Prince ſhall
ſpring,
Sin's, Death's, and Hell's eternal taming King;
The ſacred founder of man's ſov'reign bliſs,——

---

A ſimple Spirit, the glitt'ring child of light,——

---

Where ſolemn nuptials of the LAMB are held;
Where angels bright, and ſouls that have excell'd,
All clad in white ſing th' Epithalamy,
Carouſing nectar of eternity.

PART

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# PART THE SECOND;

## THE FATHERS.

—— the voice which made all things,
Which ſcept'reth ſhepherds, or uncrowneth Kings.

So Abraham, at theſe ſharp-ſounding words,
Seized at once with wonder, grief, and fright,
Is well nigh ſinking in eternal night;
Death's aſh-pale image in his eyes doth ſwim,
A chilling ice ſhivers thro' every limb,
Flat on the ground himſelf he grov'ling throws,
A hundred times his colour comes and goes;
From all his body a cold dew doth drop,
His ſpeech doth fail, and all his ſenſes ſtop.

Th' eternal pillar of all verity,——

Sometimes by his eternal ſelf he ſwears,——

The ſable night diſlodg'd,——

A O O thou

O thou Ethereal palace Chryſtalline!
Shut up for ever all thy gates of grace
Againſt my ſoul!——————

The glorious ſun of righteouſneſs——
Who ſhall the mountains bruize with iron mace,
Rule Heaven and Earth, and the infernal place.

——— the thund'ring voice of God,—

## PART THE THIRD.

### THE LAW.

——— that ſteepeſt mount,
Whoſe ſnowy ſhoulders with their ſtony pride
Eternally do Spain from France divide.

——— the conqueror of Hell,
The twice-born King,——————
Who dead ſhall live again,

A lovely

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A lovely babe, whose ſmiles implor'd the aid
And gentle pity of the royal maid;
Love and the graces, ſtate and majeſty,
Appear'd about his infant face to fly;
And on his head ſeem'd, as it were, to ſhine
Preſageful rays of ſomething more divine.

---

Baſe of this univerſe; uniting chain
Of th' elements; the wiſdom ſov'reign;
Fountain of goodneſs; ever-ſhining light;
Perfectly bleſt; the One, the Good, the Right.

---

My ſacred ears are tired with the noiſe
Of thy poor brethren's juſt-complaining voice;
They 've groan'd, alas! and panted, all too long,
Under that tyrant's unrelenting wrong.

---

O ſeven-horn'd Nile! O hundred-pointed plain!
O city of the Sun, O Thebes, and thou
Renowned Pharos! do you all not bow
To us alone? Are you not only ours?
Ours at our beck? Then to what other powers
Owes your great Pharaoh homage or reſpect?
Or by what Lord to be controll'd and check'd?

---

Now Omnipotence
At Egypt ſhoots it's ſhaft of peſtilence;——

---

—— the river's roaring pride
Is dried up,——————

Then the THRICE SACRED brings a sable cloud
Of horned locusts,——————

Death, ghastly Death, triumpheth * every where.

Great King, no more bay, with thy wilfulness,
His wrath's dread torrent! He is King of Kings,—
And, in his sight, the greatest of you all
Are but as moats that in the sun do fall.

Nile's stubborn monarch stately drawn upon
A curious chariot, chac'd with pearl and stone,
By two proud coursers,——————
Curseth the Heavens, the Air, the Wind, and Waves,
And, urging his pursuit, blasphemes and braves:
Here a huge billow on his targe doth split;
Then comes a bigger, and a bigger yet,
To second these: the Sea grows ghastly great;
Yet stoutly still he thus doth dare and threat.
"Base juggler, think'st thou with thy hellish charms
Thou shalt prevail against our puissant arms?—

* Thus accented by Milton, *triumpheth*: See PAR. LOST, i. 123.—iii. 338.—xii. 452.

—— And

And thou, proud trait'rous ſea, how dareſt thou
Falſely conſpire 'gainſt thine own Neptune now?
Dar'ſt thou preſume 'gainſt us to riſe and roar?
I charge thee, ceaſe! Be ſtill, and rage no more!
Or I ſhall clip thine arms in marble ſtocks
And yoak thy ſhoulders with a bridge of rocks."
Here at the ocean more than ever ſwells,——
And a black pillow, that aloft doth float,
With ſalt and ſand ſtops his blaſphemous throat.
What now betides the tyrant? Water now
Hath reft his neck, his chin, his cheek, his eyes, his brow,
His front, his fore-top: now there's nothing ſeen,
But his proud arm ſhaking his falchion keen;
Wherewith he ſeems, in ſpite of Heaven and Hell,
To fight with Death, and menace Iſrael *.

---

Eternal

* Againſt this paſſage, I would hope Dryden did not mean to point his ſatire, where, ſpeaking of thoſe authors,

——— who themſelves too much eſteem,
Loſe their own genius and miſtake their theme,

he inſtances Du Bartas;

Thus in times paſt Du Bartas vainly writ,
Allaying ſacred truth with trifling wit;
Impertinently, and without delight,
Deſcrib'd the Iſraelites' triumphant flight,
And, following Moſes o'er the ſandy plain,
Periſh'd with Pharaoh in th' Arabian main.

 I believe

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Eternal iſſue of eternal Sire!
Deep wiſdom of the Father!——

I believe the generality of readers would very oppoſitely characteriſe Du Bartas's deſcription of the death of Pharaoh. It is evidently given *con amore*, and *con ſpirito*.

But I muſt obſerve, that Dryden probably never read Sylveſter's Du Bartas, after he was capable of judging of it. When he was a boy he read it; as he himſelf has told us in the preface to his Spaniſh Friar. At that time his favourite paſſage was the very one which he has juſtly *gibbeted* in the ART OF POETRY, as a warning to bombaſtic poets. "I remember," ſays he, "when I was a boy, I thought the inimitable Spenſer a mean poet, in compariſon of Sylveſter's Du Bartas; and I was rapt into eſtacy, when I read theſe lines;

Now when the Winter's keener breath began
To cryſtallize the Baltic ocean;
To glaze the lakes, to bridle up the floods,
And periwig with ſnow the bald-pate woods."

"I am much deceived," adds he, "if this be not abominable fuſtian." I will venture to ſay, Milton, at 12 years old, could have told him as much. This is one of the paſſages, which I ſuppoſe to have caught Milton when a boy, and to have hung on his mind after.—If in his *abominable fuſtian* Dryden includes the "bridling up the floods," he ſhould let the Roman poet have his ſhare of the merit, by attributing it to the

curſus FRÆNARET aquarum.

The paſſage from Sylveſter (which I have already exhibited in a note, p. 154) is in p. 223, of the folio Sylveſt. Du Bartas, edit. 1621.

O Iſrael,

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O Iſrael, ſeeſt thou in this table pure,
In this fair glaſs, thy Saviour's pourtraiture;
The Son of God, Meſſias promiſed;
The ſacred Seed, to bruiſe the Serpent's head;
The glorious Prince, whoſe ſceptre ever ſhines,
Whoſe kingdom's ſcope the Heaven of Heaven confines?
Then, when he ſhall, to fight thy ſinful load,
Put manhood on, diſ-know him not for GOD.

---

Where th' EVERLASTING GOD, in glorious wonder,
With dreadful voice his fearful LAW did thunder.

---

Nymph-prompted Numa,——

---

Redoubled light'nings dazzle th' Hebrews' eyes,
Cloud-ſund'ring thunder roars through earth and ſkies.

---

I am Jehovah, I, with mighty hand,
Brought thee from bondage out of Egypt land.

---

But ſince in Horeb THE HIGH-THUND'RING ONE
Pronounc'd his Law,——

---

——wherever, to deſcry,
Th' all-ſearching Sun doth caſt his flaming eye.

---



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# PART THE FOURTH;

## THE CAPTAINS.

HAIL holy Jordan, and you bleſſed torrents
Of the pure waters; of whoſe cryſtal currents
So many ſaints have ſipp'd! O walls, that reſt
Fair monuments of many a famous gueſt!
O Hills, O Dales, O Fields, ſo flow'ry ſweet,
Where Angels oft have ſet their ſacred feet!

---

So have I ſeen a cloud-crown'd hill ſome time,
Torn from a greater by the waſte of time,—

---

The fight grows fierce, and winged Victory,
Shaking her laurels, ruſh'd confuſedly
Into the midſt;———
*Auſter* the while from neighb'ring mountains arms
A hundred winters and a hundred ſtorms,
With huge great hail-ſhot, driving fiercely fell
In the ſtern viſage of the infidel.

---

Beam of th' Eternal! O all-ſeeing Sun!

---

—— all-

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——— all-hiding night,———

---

The day-reducing chariot of the ſun,—

---

——— no where ſhines the regal diadem,
But, comet-like, it bodes all vice extreme.

---

Democracy is as a toiled ſhip,
Void both of Pole and Pilot, in the deep.

---

——— ſhunning theſe extremities,
Let us make choice of men upright and wiſe;
Of ſuch whoſe virtue doth the land adorn;
Of ſuch whom Fortune hath made noble born;
Of ſuch as Wealth hath rais'd above the pitch
Of th' abject vulgar; and to the hands of ſuch,
(Such as for wiſdom, wealth, and birth, excell,)
Let us commit the rule of Iſrael:
But ever from the ſacred helm exclude
The turbulent, baſe, moody multitude!
——— Who more firm and fit
At careful ſtern of Policy to ſit,
Than ſuch as in the ſhip moſt venture bear?
Such as their own wreck with the State's wreck fear?
Such as, content, and having much to loſe,
Ev'n death itſelf, rather than change, would chooſe?

---

In

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In brief the ſcepter Ariſtocratike,
And People-ſway, have this default alike;
That neither of them can be permanent
For want of Union,———————
But MONARCHY is as a goodly ſtation,
Built ſkilfully upon a ſure foundation:
A quiet houſe, wherein, as principal,
One Father is obey'd and ſerv'd of all;
A well-appointed ſhip, when danger's near,
Where many maſters ſtrive not who ſhall ſteer.

'Tis better bear the youth-ſlips of a King,
I' th' law ſome fault, i' th' Court ſome blemiſhing,
Than to fill all with blood-floods of debate,
While, to *reform*, you but *deform* the ſtate.

One cannot, without danger, ſtir a ſtone
In a great building's old foundation:
Phyſicians thus ſeek rather to ſupport,
With order'd diet, and in gentle ſort,
A feeble body, tho' in ſickly plight,
Than with ſtrong medicines to deſtroy it quite *.

* Some of theſe laſt paſſages are cited, more for the political axioms they contain, than for any high degree of poetical merit.

THE

## THE 4th DAY OF 2d WEEK;

# DAVID;

### PART THE FIRST; THE TROPHIES.

HEROIC force and princely form withall
Honour the ſcepter of courageous Saul;
Succeſs confirms it; for the power Divine
Tames by his hand th' outrageous Philiſtine,
Edom and Moab,———

---

Nor lead, behind my bright triumphal car,
So many nations vanquiſhed in war.

---

Give me the laurel, not of war, but peace;
Or civic garland of green oaken boughs,
Thrice three times wreath'd about my glorious
brows.

---

Flight, Fear, and Death, his ghaſtly ſteps attend.

---

A moving

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A moving rock, whoſe looks do terrify
Ev'n his own hoſt; whoſe march doth ſeem to make
The mountain tops of Succoth' ſelf to ſhake.

Where is thy ſweaty duſt? thy ſun-burnt ſcars?
The glorious marks of ſoldiers train'd in wars?

Such as in life, ſuch in his death he ſeems;
For ev'n in death he curſes and blaſphemes.

She grows more ghaſtly, and more ghoſt-like grim;—

Eternal Shades! Infernal Deities!
Death, Horrors, Terrors, Silence, Obſequies,
Dæmons, Dæmons, diſpatch;———

From diſmal darkneſs of your deep abyſs,——

———Poeſy, whoſe pleaſure is
To bathe in ſeas of Heavenly myſteries,
Her chaſteſt feathers in that ſtream ſhall dip.

Oft in fair flowers the baneful ſerpent ſleeps:—

Her

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— Her ſparkling eye is like the morning ſtar ;—

*Thou* finn'dſt in ſecret, but Sol's bluſhing eye
Shall be the witneſs of *their* villainy.—

## PART THE SECOND;

### THE MAGNIFICENCE.

Know that his eye can ſpy, in ev'ry part,
The darkeſt cloſets of the mazy heart.

With an obſervant mind the courſe ſurvey
Of Night's dim taper, and the torch of Day.

— he in ſpirit ſees,
While his ſenſe ſleeps, the God of Majeſties,
The Lord of Hoſts; who, crown'd with radiant flames,
Offers him choice of theſe four lovely dames.

First

First Glory, shaking in her hand a pike;—
Among the stars her stately head she rears,
A silver trumpet by her side she wears;
Her swelling robes, of tissue passing price,
All story-wrought with bloody victories,
Triumphs, and Trophies, Arches, Crowns, and Rings;
While at her feet there sigh a thousand Kings.—

Next her comes Wealth, in treasures rich bedight;—
The glitt'ring stuff, which doth about her fold,
Is rough with rubies, stiff with beaten gold;
With either hand from hollow steanes * she pours
*Pactolian* surges and *Argolian* showers.

Then chearful Health; whose brow no wrinkle bears,
Whose cheek no paleness, in whose eye no tears;
— — — — — — her seemly train
Mirth, Exercise, and Temperance, sustain.

Last Wisdom comes;—
She's God's own mirrour, she's a light whose glance
Springs from the light'ning of his countenance;
She's mildest Heaven's most sacred influence;
Never decays her beauty's excellence;

* Urns, or Vases. Teeme is stone.

Aye

Aye like herſelf; and ſhe doth always trace
Not only the ſame path, but the ſame pace.

Having beheld their beauties bright, the Prince
Seems rapt already ev'n to Heaven from hence;
Sees a whole Eden round about him ſhine,
And, 'midſt ſo many benefits divine,
Doubts which to chooſe;———

Happy ſeems He, of countleſs heards poſſeſt;—
For whom alone a whole rich Country yields
The Corn and Wine of it's abundant fields;
Who boaſts ſoft *Sereans'* yellow ſpoils, the gems
And precious ſtones of the *Arabian* ſtreams;
The mines of *Ophir*, th' *Entidorian* fruits,
*Sabæan* odours, and rich *Tyrian* ſuits.

Let me for ever from her ſacred lip
Th' ambroſial Nard, and roſeal Nectar ſip.

A more than human knowledge beautifies
His princely actions;———

What burning wings the light'ning rides upon;
What curb the ocean in his bounds doth keep;
What power Night's princeſs beams upon the deep.

The

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The eye-bold eagle———————

---

See how a number of this wanton fry *
Do fondly chace the gaudy butterfly.

---

The ſumptuous pride of maſſy pyramids.

---

* He is deſcribing the ſports of the Loves.—Mr. Warton's admired deſcription of Leiſure, in his ODE ON THE APPROACH OF SUMMER, ſhews that a century and a half make no great difference in the genius and fancy of true poets:

Leiſure, that thro' the balmy ſky
CHACES A CRIMSON BUTTERFLY.

Mr. Warton, who in that ode is eminently a poet, was certainly very little acquainted with Sylveſter's Du Bartas.

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# PART THE THIRD;

## THE SCHISM.

Ah! ſee we not, ſome ſeek the like in France*?
With rageful ſwords of civil variance
To ſhare the ſacred Gaulian diadem?
To ſtrip the Lilies from their native ſtem?
And, as it were, to cantoniſe the ſtate,
Whoſe law did aw imperial Rhine of late;
Tiber and Iber too; and under whom
Ev'n ſilver Jordan's captive floods did foam?

In Aza's aid fights th' arm omnipotent,
(Which ſhakes the Heavens, rakes Hills, and Rocks doth rent,)
Againſt black Zerah's over-daring boaſt,
That with dread deluge of a million hoſt
O'erflow'd all Juda; and with fury fell
Tranſported Afric into Iſrael.
And Aza now, beholding th' Ammonite,
The Idumæan, and proud Moabite,

* The poet, ſpeaking in his own perſon, laments the violence of civil war then diſtracting his country. Du Bartas was a zealous partiſan of Henry IV.



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In battle rang'd, caus'd all his hoft to ſing
This ſong aloud; them thus encouraging.

" Come on, my hearts! Let's cheerly to the charge,
Having for Captain, for defence, and targe,
That mighty power, to whom the raging ſea
Hath heretofore in foaming pride giv'n way;
Who, with a ſigh,——————
Can call the North, Eaſt, South, and Weſt together;
Who, at his beck, or with a wink, commands
Millions of millions of bright-winged bands;
Who, with a breath, brings in an inſtant under
The proudeſt powers; whoſe arrows are the THUNDER?

———

Theſbite Elijah ——————

———

Zephyr is mute, and not a breath is felt,—

———

——the true, wiſe, wondrous ——————
Omnipotent, victorious, glorious, God:—

———

If the blue Sea, and winged Firmament,
The all-bearing Earth, and ſtormful Element,
——————— if Heaven, Air, Sea, and Land,
And all in all, and all in every one,
By his own finger be ſuſtain'd alone;——

———

Amid

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Amid the air tumultuous Satan rowls,
And not the Saints, the happy heav'nly ſouls:
For CHRIST, his fleſh transfigur'd and divine,
Mounted above the arches cryſtalline;
And where CHRIST is, from pain and paſſion free,
There, after death, ſhall all his choſen be.

---

Elijah therefore climbs th' empyreal pole;—

---

This Jewry knows; a ſoil, ſometime at leaſt,
Sole Paradiſe of all the proudeſt Eaſt;—

---

—— pallid Fear, wild-ſtaring, ſhiv'ring Hag,—

---

Claſhing of arms, rattl'ing of iron cars,——

---

The King of Winds calls home his churliſh train,
And Amphitrité ſmooths her front again:
Air's cloudy robe returns to cryſtal clear,
And ſmiling Heaven's bright torches re-appear.

---

GOD reaches out his hand, unfolds his frowns,
Diſarms his arm of Thunder, bruiſing crowns,
Bows graciouſly his glorious flaming creſt,
And mildly grants, at th' inſtant, their requeſt.



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# PART THE FOURTH;

## THE DECAY.

---

The blood-gain'd ſcepter laſts not long, we know;
The throne of tyrants totters to and fro.

---

Through the thin air the winged ſhaft doth ſing.

---

Unpuff'd in ſun-ſhine, unappall'd in ſtorms,—

---

His fame he bears about, both far and nigh,
On the wide wings of Immortality.

---

——— thine eye
Pierceth to Hell, and ev'n from Heaven beholds
The dumbeſt thoughts in our hearts inmoſt folds.

---

Thou art the Lord, th' Invincible alone,
The all-ſeeing God, the ever-laſting ONE:

And

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And whoſo dares him 'gainſt thy powers oppoſe,
Is but a blaſt which roaring Boreas blows,
Weening to tear the Alps off at the foot,
Or cloud-prop Athos from his maſſy root:
Who but mis-ſpeaks of thee, he ſpits at Heaven,
And his own ſpittle in his face is driven.

---

Know you not, here beneath,
We always ſail unto the port of Death?
That Death 's the end of all our ſtorms and ſtrife;
The ſweet beginning of Immortal Life?

---

Lord, what are we? or what is our deſerving?
That to confirm our faith, ſo prone to ſwerving,
Thou deign'ſt to ſhake Heaven's ſolid orbs ſo bright,
And to diſorder Nature's order quite?

---

Ye hony-dropping hills, we erſt frequented!
Ye milk-ful vales, with hundred brooks indented!
Delicious gardens of dear Iſrael!
Hills! Gardens! Vales! we bid you all farewell.

---

Turn therefore, turn your bloody blades on me;
But let theſe harmleſs little ones go free!
O ſtain not with the blood of innocents
Th' immortal trophies of your great attents!



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So ever may the Riphĕan mountains quake
Under your feet! ſo ever may you make
South, Eaſt, and Weſt, your own! On ev'ry coaſt
So ay victorious march your glorious hoſt * !

---

* I am fortunate in being able to cloſe my extracts with a paſſage of ſuch fine effect. I might have exhibited the laſt line among the energetic paſſages, where *ay* is uſed for *ever* by Sylveſter, (ſee p. 22); but I purpoſely reſerved it for this place, that I might "leave the reader" of theſe Extracts "*con la* "*bocca dolce.*"

The *ay*, in my opinion, is no diſfigurement of the paſſage. It is true, *vetuſtatem redolet*; but we ſhall ſcarcely quarrel with this "*umbra et color quaſi opacæ vetuſtatis.*"

Here Du Bartas's poem ends. Of his propoſed plan, there remained to be written, three more DAYS; *viz.* ZEDECHIAS, MESSIAS, and THE ETERNAL SABBATH; with their ſubdiviſions. "Of theſe," we are told by the printer of the Engliſh Du Bartas, "Death, preventing our NOBLE POET, hath de-"prived us."

I WISH

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I WISH you may have had reſolution to proceed *ſo far* with me: but my EXTRACTS have ſwelled, under my hand, beyond my intention, although I have omitted many paſſages that, in my opinion, well deſerved to be brought forwards. It is probable alſo, that I have inſerted others, which to you may appear *feeble*, and ſuch as might better have been kept back: but they *ſtruck me* at the time, and, on a haſty retroſpect, I feel unwilling to withdraw any of them.

And now, my dear Sir, what think you of my OLD POET, whom, before it is long, we ſhall be entitled to ſtyle OF THE ANTEPENULTIMATE CENTURY *? I do not aſk you to concede to me, that his poetry is of that abſolutely perfect kind, which deſerves to be held out as a model to all ſucceeding ages. But,

* Joſhua Sylveſter was born in 1563; and he publiſhed his VERSION of part of DU BARTAS's WEEKS in 1598.



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I believe, you will agree with me, that, in many of those passages which I have produced, it far surpasses, in the *vivida vis*, every thing on scriptural subjects that had preceded it in our language; and that it was calculated to elevate the *tone* of Sacred Poesy. At the time of its publication, we know, it produced much effect *. If we cannot assert that it constitutes its author the ὁ πᾶν of poets, we may at least say, that it has wherewithall, even in this age of fastidious correctness, to strike every mind, in which are the genuine seeds of Poetry; and, at the time

* That the 4to edition of 1613 was the *second* edition, appears from Lownes's address to the reader, prefixed to Hudson's JUDITH; which, he says, was added, "to make the *second* edition more "complete." I have noticed the second folio edition, printed by Robert Young, in 1633, see p. 84. To have passed through, in thirty years, two 4to and two folio editions, is a proof of the popularity of Sylvester's Du Bartas. Such a sale is not now, I believe, very common: at that time it was very rare

when it appeared, muſt have operated forcibly on a young reader of this predicament.——Such, I cannot but perſuade myſelf, was the effect of Sylveſter's Du Bartas on Milton; whoſe "early acquaintance with it, and predilection for it," it has been my object to ſhew. It contains, indeed, more material PRIMA STAMINA of the PARADISE LOST, than, as I believe, any other book whatever: and *my hypotheſis* is, that it poſitively *laid the firſt ſtone* of that "monumentum ære perennius."——That ARTHUR for a time predominated in Milton's mind over his, at length preferred, ſacred ſubject, was probably owing to the advice of Manſo *, and the track of reading into which he had then got. How far the ADAMO of Andreini, or the SCENA TRAGICA D' ADAMO ED EVA of Troilus Lancetta, as pointed out by Mr. Hayley,—or any of

* See Mr. Hayley's highly judicious, and well-ſupported, CONJECTURES on the ORIGIN of the PARADISE LOST, p. 254.

the

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the Italian Poems on ſuch ſubjects, noticed by Mr. Walker *,—contributed to revive his predilection for Sacred Poeſy, it is beſide my purpoſe to enquire. If he was materially *caught* by any of theſe, it ſerved, I conceive, only to renew a *primary impreſſion* made on his mind by Sylveſter's Du Bartas: although the Italian dramas might induce him then to *meditate* his divine poem in a *dramatic* form. It is, indeed, juſtly obſerved by Mr. Warton, on the very fine paſſage, ver. 33, of the VACATION EXERCISE, written when Milton was only *nineteen*, "that it contains ſtrong indications of a "young mind anticipating the ſubject of "Paradiſe Loſt."——Cowley found himſelf to be a poet, or, as he himſelf tells us, "was made one †," by the delight he took in Spenſer's Fairy Queen, "which

* In his very intereſting and ſpirited HISTORICAL MEMOIR on ITALIAN TRAGEDY.—See p. 172; and Appendix, xxxii.

† Eſſay xi. OF MYSELF.

"was

" was wont to lay in his mother's apart-
" ment;" and which he had read all over, before he was twelve years old. That Dryden was, in ſome degree, ſimilarly indebted to Cowley, we may collect from his denominating him " the darling of " my youth, the famous Cowley *." Pope, at a little more than eight years of age, was initiated in poetry by the peruſal of Ogilby's Homer, and Sandys's Ovid; and to the latter he has himſelf intimated obligations, where he declares, in his notes to the Iliad, " that Engliſh " poetry owes much of its preſent beauty " to the tranſlations of Sandys."——The *rudimenta poetica* of our great poet I ſuppoſe ſimilarly to have been SYLVESTER'S DU BARTAS; which, I conceive, not only elicited the firſt ſparks of poetic fire from the pubeſcent genius of Milton, but induced him, from that time, to devote

* Dedication of his TRANSLATIONS from JUVENAL.

himſelf

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himſelf principally to Sacred Poeſy, and to ſelect URANIA for his immediate Muſe,

—— magno perculſus amore.

Such was the idea that flaſhed on my mind from the *internal evidence* of my worm-eaten folio, combined with the æra of its publication. When I afterwards found that it was printed on *Bread-ſtreet-hill*, and that I had to place the *incunabula* of SYLVESTER'S DU BARTAS, and of MILTON; almoſt on the ſame ſpot, my *hypotheſis* began to aſſume a degree of plauſibility, which emboldened me to lay it before you. In proceeding ſo to do, when I had reaſon further to trace Milton, on good conjectural grounds, to Lownes's preſs, on another occaſion *, I felt myſelf advancing beyond the region of *mere probability*.

I wiſhed ſtill more to have eſtabliſhed my ground; by aſcertaining the relative

* See page 51, *ſupra*.

ſituation

ſituation of Milton's houſe, the Spread Eagle in Bread-ſtreet, and the houſe of the printer, the Star on Bread-ſtreet-hill. Here, however, all local inveſtigation was completely precluded by the fire of London; in which, it is particularly mentioned by Wood, that Milton's houſe was burned: and, not knowing where to go for any recorded information reſpecting its particular ſite, I could only reſort to conjectures highly imaginary *, for pla-

* I have ſometimes felt an inclination to conjecture, that Milton's houſe ſtood in a part of Bread-ſtreet, ſo near the brow of the hill, that from the upper rooms he had a good view of the river.—In his *firſt* ELEGY, written to his friend Deodate, on this very ſpot, he particularly deſcribes the Thames (when the tide is flowing in, and near the full height) waſhing the houſes on the Bankſide;

Me tenet urbs, REFLUÂ quam Thamesis ALLUIT UNDÂ.

What if we ſuppoſe the Thames actually in his view, when he wrote this? In this caſe, he muſt have been a very near neighbour to Lownes; as Bread-ſtreet-hill is a very ſhort ſtreet.

cing

cing the *Spread Eagle* as near as might be to *Bread-ſtreet-hill.*

But a material circumſtance ſtill remains to be conſidered; which may either completely demoliſh the drift of this part of my argument, or preclude the neceſſity of laying any material ſtreſs upon it.

In the time of Milton's childhood, proximity of ſituation was by no means certain to produce neighbourly intercourſe. The ſpirit of Party, which was engendered in the preceding century, was now rapidly advancing to its height; and an irreconcileable rigidity of opinion began to prevail on each ſide. Where perſons agreed in their principles and tenets, this ſerved to approximate the diſtant, and *fraterniſe* the unrelated: where their fundamental doctrines were adverſe, this was ſufficient to eſtrange the neareſt, and to diſſolve all

the

the charities
Of Father, Son, and Brother.——

Congruity of ſentiment has at all times formed a principal chain of connection; and a contrariety of it has frequently been an inſurmountable barrier of ſeparation. —In arguing, therefore, on the probability of *neighbourly intercourſe*, it will be right to aſcertain a *congruity of principles*, before we build much on abſolute contiguity of ſituation.—If I can ſhew this union of opinions in the preſent inſtance; and if I can extend it beyond the printer of the work in queſtion, and the family and connections of my ſuppoſed reader of it, both to its original author and its tranſlator; — I ſhall conſider my point eſtabliſhed, in as high a degree as the diſtance of time, and the circumſtance of the caſe, will admit.

It

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It appears, from Wood's account of Joſhua Sylveſter *, that he underwent perſecution

* Wood's account of Sylveſter is annexed to that of George Chapman, and is as follows :—" Contemporary with this worthy poet, was another, *Joſhua Sylveſter*; uſually called by the poets of his time *Silver-tongued* Sylveſter. Whether he received any academical education, (having had his muſe kindly foſtered by his uncle, William Plumb, Eſq.) I cannot ſay. In his manly years, he is reported to have been a merchant-adventurer. Queen Elizabeth had a great reſpect for him; King James I. had a greater; and Prince Henry greateſt of all; who valued him ſo much, that he made him his firſt poet penſioner. He was much renowned by his virtuous fame; and, by thoſe of his profeſſion, and ſuch as admired poetry, eſteemed a Saint on earth, a true Nathaniel, a Chriſtian Iſraelite. They tell us farther, that he was very pious and ſober; religious in himſelf and family; and courageous to withſtand adverſity: alſo that he was adorned with the gift of tongues, French, Spaniſh, Dutch, Italian, and Latin. But this muſt be known, that he, taking too much liberty upon him to correct the vices of the times, as George Wither and Jo. Vicars, poets, afterwards did, ſuffered ſeveral times ſome trouble; and thereupon it was, as I preſume, that *his Step-dame country did ungratefully*

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perſecution for the rigidity of his opinions; and at laſt was driven to expatriate. Wood, indeed, claſſes him with the poets George Wither and Jo. Vicars.

The

*gratefully caſt him off, and became moſt unkind to him.* He hath tranſlated from *French* into *Engliſh* the *Divine Weeks and Works, with a complete Collection of all the other moſt delightful Works* of Will. de Salluſte *Sieur* du Bartas. At length this eminent poet, Joſhua Sylveſter (a name worthily dear to the age he lived in) died at *Middleburgh*, in Zealand, on the 28th of September, 1618, aged 55."—ATHEN. OXON. vol. I. p. 594.

We may farther collect, from his poems, that he was a native of Kent; and was educated under the learned Hadrianus Saravia, at Southampton ſchool, from the age of nine to twelve; and that this was all the education he had. In one of his poems, he acknowledges his obligations to Dr. Saravia, with all the affection of Milton for his firſt preceptor, Thomas Young: and he regrets much that he neither went to Oxford nor Cambridge, nor followed his reſpected maſter to Leyden; where Saravia was invited, a few years after, to fill the divinity chair. From the following verſes, it might be ſuppoſed that his maſter had recommended Du Bartas's poems



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The latter, one of the moſt violent Puritans of the time, was his moſt zealous admirer; and wrote an highly encomiaſtic elegy on his death, with all the ardour of enthuſiaſtic affection.

Sylveſter had alſo complimented Vicars in a copy of encomiaſtic verſes, prefixed to his tranſlation of Dr. Herringe's Latin Poem, on the *Powder Plot*, entitled, Mis-

to his ſtudious peruſal: though what is ſaid may only mean, that his inſtructions qualified him to tranſlate them.

—— MY SARAVIA, to whoſe rev'rend name
Mine owes the honour of DU BARTAS's fame.
From th' ample ciſterns of his ſea of ſkill
Suck'd I my ſuccor, and ſlight ſhallow rill;
The little all I can, and all I could,
In three poor years, at three times three years old.
His love and labours apted ſo my wit,
That, when URANIA after rapted it,
Through Heaven's ſtrong working, weakneſs did produce
Leaves of delight and fruit of ſacred uſe;
Which, had my muſe t' our either Athens flown,
Or follow'd him, had been much more mine own.

p. 1168. FUNERAL ELEGY ON MARGARET HILL.



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CHIEF'S MYSTERY, or TREASON'S MASTERPIECE; publiſhed in 1617. He likewiſe wrote a poem addreſſed, with many ſymptoms of zealous attachment, to Archbiſhop Abbot, who, Neale ſays, "was at the head of the doctrinal Puritans:" and he has erected to the ſame prelate *, in the manner of the *axes*, *winges*, and *eggs*, of ſome of the Greek minor poets, a *poetical pillar*, in which he celebrates him "for conſtant ſtanding on right's weak ſide, againſt the tide of wrong †." Joſhua Sylveſter, it appears then, was a zealous Puritan ‡: and hence we might account for

* P. 888. Ed. 1621.

† Another patron and particular friend of Joſ. Sylveſter was Anthony Bacon, (elder brother to the Lord Chancellor,) who, in his travels, had reſided ſome time at Geneva, in the houſe of the celebrated Theodore Beza, the colleague of Calvin.—Beza had the greateſt eſteem for Mr. Bacon; and dedicated his *Meditations* to Lady Bacon, his mother.

‡ The Court of Prince Henry, it may be obſerved, was Puritanic. His favourite chaplain was Joſeph Hall, in the next reign Biſhop of Exeter;



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for his devoting himſelf to tranſlating the poems of Du Bartas *, who was a rigid *Calviniſt*.

who, though he wrote afterwards ſtrongly in defence of Epiſcopacy, was at this time a favourer of Puritaniſm. See the Character of P. Henry, in Neale's *Hiſtory of the Puritans*.

* Guillaume de Saluſte Du Bartas deſcended from a noble family of Gaſcony; his father was Treaſurer of France. He quitted the Roman Catholic Religion; and attached himſelf to Henry IV. then king of Navarre; by whom he was employed at the courts of Denmark, England, and Scotland. To the latter he was ſent with a view of bringing about a marriage between Henry's ſiſter and our James I. His manners and talents ſeem to have recommended him to the particular favour of James, who wiſhed to have detained him in his ſervice; but he was too ſtrongly attached to his own maſter. He was no leſs famous as a ſoldier, than as a poet. He was with Henry at the battle of Ivry, which he has celebrated; but did not live to ſee him on the throne of France, as he died the ſame year, aged 45.—The famous French poet Ronſard, on reading his *Firſt Week*, or the CREATION, was ſo much charmed with it, that he ſent him a gold pen, with a complimentary meſſage, that "he had done more in one week, than Ronſard himſelf in

his

*Calviniſt.*——The two editions of Sylveſter's Du Bartas were, I believe, the greateſt works that iſſued from the Bread-ſtreet-hill preſs: and they are edited ſo perfectly *con amore* *, that we can ſcarcely doubt the principles of Humfrey Lownes, the printer and publiſher. At the very time when the folio edition of 1621 was publiſhed, the domeſtic preceptor of young Milton was the Rev. Thomas Young; from whoſe known principles † (for which he was obliged two years after to leave England) Mr. Warton has juſtly inferred the puritaniſm of his employer, the father of Milton ‡.——Here then we cannot but ſup-

his whole life."—Du Bartas was, as he tells us, in the preface to his *Judith*, "the firſt perſon "in France, who, in a juſt poem, had treated in "his tongue of ſacred things." Sylveſt. Du Bart. Ed. 1621. p. 683.

* See the printer's addreſs, p. 8, *ſupra*.

† Milton deſcribes him,

——— ANTIQUÆ clarus PIETATIS honore.
EL. iv. 17.

‡ See Warton's Milton; note on EL. iv. ver. 1.



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poſe, that congruity of principles, proximity of ſituation, and a literary diſpoſition, in each party, combined to produce not merely *acquaintance*, but moſt probably *much intimacy*, between old Milton and Humfrey Lownes. This might have led to the preceptorſhip of Young: or that circumſtance might have primarily cauſed the acquaintance of the two neighbours, or ultimately have ſtrengthened the confraternity between them. It is poſſible, that Young himſelf ſuperintended the publication of the folio edition of Sylveſter's Du Bartas, in 1621, and that he corrected the proofs *; and thus the ſheets from the preſs might find their way to Milton's houſe. The book itſelf alſo was very likely, on its publication, to have been much read in Milton's family; where it might retain a place in the parlour window, as the *Fairy Queen*

* It is well edited; particularly in point of punctuation.

did

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did in that of Cowley's mother, and, being ſimilarly always in the way, might be frequently in the hands of the young reader of the family. But it ſeems to me highly probable, that Young himſelf put the book into the hands of his pupil; and perhaps, in the courſe of his lectures, pointed out to him the eminent beauties of the greater poem. And to this we might refer (and not to "a firſt acquaintance with the claſſics only *") Milton's grateful acknowledgement of his beloved and reſpected preceptor's primary inſtruction and initiation of him in the divine myſteries of ſacred poeſy:

PRIMUS EGO Aonios, ILLO PRÆEUNTE, receſſus
Luſtrabam, et bifidi SACRA VIRETA jugi;
Pierioſque hauſi latices, Clioque favente,
Caſtalio ſparſi læta ter ora mero. El. iv.

HE taught me firſt th' Aonian ſhades to tread,
And roam Parnaſſus' hallow'd height; 'twas HE,
My youthful ſteps with guiding hand who led
To the pure ſtrains of SACRED POESY.

* As ſuggeſted by Mr. Warton; note on EL. iv. ver. 1.



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Upon the whole, from the internal evidence of the book itself, combined with all the additional circumstances which I have been enabled to lay before you, I think you will admit "MILTON's early acquaintance with SYLVESTER's DU BARTAS, and his predilection for it:"—let me add, "his obligations to it"——By *obligations*, as I have already intimated, I certainly do not mean such, as in any respect detract from his genius and talents; but such as render them more conspicuous, by marking the fineness of his penetration, and the accuracy of his judgement. Neither do I merely point to its immediately suggesting (which I have no doubt it did) the "argumentum ingens" of his sublime poem; but I look to obligations of a higher and more general kind. I cannot but consider Sylvester's Du Bartas as having primarily taught Milton, (what he was exquisitely framed to learn, and what was, at that time, very little understood,) that "SACRED



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POETRY was capable of aſſuming the moſt elevated *tone*; and that, while neither CALLIOPE, nor CLIO, could aſpire to the *divine ſublimity* of URANIA, the Heavenly Muſe in reality united, with her own *native dignity*, the *ſweetneſs* of the ONE, and the *powers* of the OTHER."

In ſubmitting theſe *conſiderations* to your better judgement, I cannot omit the opportunity, which it affords me, thus publickly to aſſure you of the very ſincere reſpect, and truly grateful regard, with which I have the pleaſure to be,

Dear SIR,

Your obliged and faithful friend,

CHARLES DUNSTER.

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# POSTSCRIPT.

I BELIEVE we might trace ſtrong marks of a congenial diſpoſition in Milton and Du Bartas: at leaſt we cannot but obſerve much reſemblance in their peculiar devotion of themſelves to SACRED POETRY. The latter has a very pleaſing poem on this ſubject; which reads with a high ſpirit of originality in the language of Joſhua Sylveſter. I cannot reſiſt the inclination I feel to lay the greater part of it before you; as it breathes ſo exactly the ſentiments, which Milton felt himſelf *. What I ſhall preſent to you, is

* We may compare Milton's account of his own Literary Projects as they ſeem ſimilarly to have preſſed in competition on his mind; and there to have

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is about three-fourths of the poem in my folio. I have, in a few inſtances, made ſome

have ſubmitted to the pre-eminence of Sacred Poetry. " Time ſerves not now, and perhaps I might ſeem too profuſe, to give any certain account of what the mind at home, in the ſpacious circuits of her muſing, hath liberty to propoſe to herſelf, though of higheſt hope, and hardeſt attempting; *whether* that Epic form, whereof the two poems of Homer, and thoſe other two of Virgil and Taſſo, are a *diffuſe*, and the book of Job a *brief* model; or *whether* the rules of Ariſtotle are herein to be ſtrictly kept, or Nature to be followed;——or *whether* thoſe dramatic conſtitutions, wherein Sophocles and Euripides reign, ſhall be found more doctrinal and exemplary to a nation;——or, if occaſion ſhall lead, to imitate thoſe magnific odes and hymns, wherein Pindarus and Callimachus are in moſt things worthy. But thoſe frequent ſongs, throughout the Law and Prophets, beyond all theſe, not in their divine argument alone, but in the very critical art of compoſition, may be eaſily made appear over all the kinds of lyric poeſy to be incomparable. Theſe abilities are the inſpired gift of God,—and are of power, to inbreed and cheriſh in a great people the ſeeds of virtue and public civility; to allay the perturbations of the mind, and ſet the affections in right tune; to

celebrate

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ſome immaterial alterations: but theſe are merely for the purpoſe of covering a few highly obſolete expreſſions; or to form a connection, where I have omitted ſome ſtanzas. Where I expect you principally to admire, I have been an *exact tranſcriber.*

celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's Almightineſs, and what he works, and what he ſuffers to be wrought with high providence in his Church; to ſing victorious agonies of Martyrs and of Saints, the deeds and triumphs of juſt and pious nations doing valiantly, through faith, againſt the enemies of Chriſt; to deplore the general relapſes of kingdoms and ſtates from juſtice and God's true worſhip: laſtly, whatſoever in Religion is holy and ſublime, in Virtue amiable or grave, all theſe things with a ſolid and treatable ſmoothneſs to point out and deſcribe; teaching over the whole book of ſanctity and virtue through all the inſtances of example, with ſuch delight, that whereas the paths of honeſty and good life appear now rugged and difficult, though they be indeed eaſy and pleaſant, they will then appear to all men eaſy and pleaſant, though they were rugged and difficult indeed." *Introduction* to the Second Book of THE REASON OF CHURCH GOVERNMENT.

URANIA.

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# URANIA,

## OR

## THE HEAVENLY MUSE.

SCARCE had the April of mine age begun,
When brave desire, t' immortalize my name,
Did make me oft rest and repast to shun,
In curious project of some learned frame:

But, (as a pilgrim, at th' approach of night,
If chance cross-ways diverging meet his view,
Arrests his course studious to find the right,
And doubts and ponders which he shall pursue,)

Among the many flow'ry paths that lead
Up to the mount, where, with green bays
APOLLO
Crowns happy numbers with immortal meed,
I stood confus'd and doubtful which to follow;

One

One while I fought the *Greecian* ſcene to dreſs
In French diſguiſe; in loftier ſtyle anon *
T' imbrue our ſtage with tyrants' bloody geſts
Of *Thebes, Mycenæ,* and proud *Ilion* †;

Anon to conſecrate my country's ſtory,
I woo'd the aid of the Aonian band;
Studious to ſing triumphant Gallia's glory,
Extending wide the limits of her land;

Anon I thought the frolic ſon to ſing
Of wanton Venus; and the bitter ſweet,
That too much love to the beſt wits doth bring:
Theme for my nature, and mine age, too meet!

* I wiſhed to have cited this and the two following ſtanzas, as inſtances of Sylveſter's uſe of the word *anon* in tranſitions of deſcription, (ſee p. 66); but I reſerved them for this place.—Perhaps this immediate paſſage was in Milton's mind, when he leads his chearful man *all at once* to the theatre,

Then to the well-trod ſtage ANON,——

† As I have juſt ſuppoſed this ſtanza to have been in Milton's mind in ſpeaking of repreſentations of comedy; it may be ſuppoſed alſo to have contributed to his diviſion of the ſubjects of Grecian Tragedy on two occaſions.

Seu mœret Pelopeia domus, ſeu nobilis Ili,
Seu luit inceſtos aula Creontis avos. EL. i. 45.

Preſenting Thebes or Pelops line,
Or the tale of Troy divine. PENSEROSO, 99.

While

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While to and fro thus toſſed by ambition,
Yet unreſolved of my courſe, I rove,
Lo ſuddenly a ſacred apparition!
Some daughter, think I, of ſupernal Jove.

Angelical her geſture and her gait,
Divinely ſweet her ſpeech and countenance;
Her nine-fold voice did choicely imitate
Th' harmonious muſic of Heaven's nimble dance.

Upon her head a glorious diadem,
Seven-double folded, moving diverſly;
And on each fold ſparkled a precious gem,
Obliquely turning o'er her head on high.

An azure mantle on her back ſhe wore,
With artleſs art, in orderly diſorder;
Flouriſh'd, and fill'd with thouſand lamps, and more,
Her ſacred beauty to illuſtrate further.

Here flames the *harp*, there ſhine the tender *twins*,
Here *Charles's wain*, there twinkling *Pleiades*;
Here the bright *balance*, there the ſilver *fins*,
With radiant ſtars in number numberleſs.

"I am URANIA," then aloud ſaid ſhe,
"Who human-kind above the poles tranſport,
In that bleſt region giving them to ſee
The intercourſe of the Celeſtial Court.

I quin-

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I quinteſcence the ſoul, and make the poet;
Himſelf ſurpaſſing in divine diſcourſe,
To draw the deafeſt by the ears unto it,
To quicken ſtones, and ſtop the ocean's courſe.

I grant, my learned ſiſters warble fine,
And raviſh millions with their madrigals;
But all no leſs inferior unto mine,
Than geeſe to ſyrens, pies to nightingales.

Then take me, BARTAS, to conduct thy pen!
Soar up to Heaven! there ſing th' Almighty's praiſe!
And, tuning now the *Jeſſean* harp again,
Gain thee the garland of eternal bays.

I cannot griefleſs ſee my ſiſters' wrongs,
Aiding baſe lovers in deceitful feignings,
Prompting forg'd ſighs, falſe tears, and filthy ſongs,
Laſcivious ſhews and counterfeit complainings.

Alas! I cannot with dry eyes behold
Our holy ſongs ſold and profaned thus
To grace the graceleſs; praiſing, all too bold,
*Nero*, *Caligula*, and *Commodus*.

But moſt I mourn to ſee rare verſe applied
Againſt the author of ſweet compoſition;
I cannot brook to ſee Heaven's King defied
By his own ſoldiers, with his own munition.



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Man's eyes are in *Cimmerian* darkneſs ſeal'd,
And if aught precious in this life he reach,
'Tis Heaven's high bounty does the bleſſing yield,
And God himſelf the *Delphian* ſongs doth teach.

Each art is learn'd by art: but POESY
Is a more heavenly gift; and none can taſte
The dews that drop from *Pindus* plenteouſly,
If SACRED FIRE have not his breaſt embras'd *.

Thence 'tis, that many great philoſophers,
Deep-learned clerks, in proſe moſt eloquent,
Labour in vain to make a graceful verſe,
Which the young novice frames moſt excellent.

Thence 'tis, that erſt the poor *Mæonian* bard,
Though maſter, means, and his own eyes he miſſes,
By old and new is for his verſe preferr'd,
Chanting *Achilles* ſtout and wiſe *Ulyſſes*.

Thence 'tis, that *Ovid* cannot ſpeak in proſe;
Thence 'tis, that *David*, ſhepherd turned poet,
So ſoon doth learn my ſongs; and youths compoſe
After our art, before indeed they know it.

Dive day and night in the *Caſtalian* fount;
Dwell upon *Homer* and the *Mantuan* muſe;
Climb day and night the double-topped mount,
Where the *Pierian* learned maidens uſe.

* From the French *embraſer*, to ſet on fire.

Take

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Take time enough! choose seat and seallow fit,
To make good verse! at best advantage place thee!
Yet worthy fruit thou shalt not reap of it,
For all thy toil, unless *Urania* grace thee.

For out of mad man must himself advance,
That in bleft poesy aspires to shine,
And, ecstasied as in a holy trance,
Into our hands his *sensive part* resign.

As human fury oft degrades a man
Below a man, so *divine fury* makes him
More than himself; and sacred phrenzy then
Above the heaven's bright flaming arches takes him.

And thence it is, divineft poets bring
So sweet, so learned, and so lasting numbers,
Where Heaven's and Nature's secret works they
sing,
Scorning the power of Fate's eternal slumbers.

Since therefore verses have from Heaven their
spring,
O rareft spirits! why, ever prone to scorning,
Profanely wreft you 'gainft Heaven's glorious King
These sacred gifts, giv'n for your life's adorning?

Shall your ungrateful pens be always waiting,
As servants to the flesh, and slaves to sin?
Will you your volumes ever more be freighting
With dreams and fables, idle fame to win?



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Still will you comment on each common story,
And, ſpider-like, weave idle webs of folly?
O ſhall I never hear you ſing the glory
Of God, the Great, the Good, the Juſt, the Holy?

Wiſe *Plato* did from his republic baniſh
Baſe poetaſters that, with vitious verſe,
Corrupted manners, making virtue vaniſh;
The wicked worſe; and even the good perverſe:

Not thoſe that conſecrate their graceful phraſes
To grave-ſweet matters; ſinging now the praiſe
Of juſteſt Jove; anon from error's mazes
Warning the thoughtleſs, calling back the ſtrays.

The chain of verſe was at the firſt invented
To handle only ſacred myſteries
With more reſpect; and nothing elſe was chanted,
For ages after, in ſuch poeſies.

So did my *David* to the trembling ſtrings
Of his high harp reſound the only GOD;
So meek-ſoul'd *Moſes* to JEHOVAH ſings
*Jacob's* deliv'rance from th' *Egyptian* rod.

So *Deborah* and *Judith* in the camp,
So *Job* and *Jeremy*, with cares oppreſs'd,
In tuneful verſes, of a various ſtamp,
Their joys and ſighs divinely-ſweet expreſs'd.

So

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So th' antient voice in *Dodon* worſhiped,
So *Eſculapius*, *Ammon*, and the fair
And famous *Sibyls* ſpake and propheſied
In verſe: in verſe the prieſt preferr'd his prayer.

So *Orpheus*, *Linus*, and *Heſiodus*,
(Of whom the firſt charm'd ſtocks and ſtones, 'tis ſaid,)
In ſacred numbers erſt, to profit us,
Secrets divine of deepeſt ſkill convey'd.

You that aſpire to wear the laurel crown!
Is't poſſible a loftier ſtrain to take,
Than his high praiſe who makes the Heavens go round,
The mountains tremble, and dark Hell to quake?

Baſe argument a baſe ſtyle ever yields,
While ſtrains ſublime a lofty ſubject raiſes;
Prompting grave ſtately words, itſelf it gilds,
And crowns the author's pen with worthieſt praiſes.

If then you would ſurvive yourſelves ſo gladly,
Follow not him who burn'd, to purchaſe fame,
Diana's temple; neither him that madly,
To get renown, the brazen bull did frame.

Great works, 'tis true, preſerve the memory
Of thoſe that make them; the *Mauſolean* tomb
Makes *Artemiſia*, *Scopas*, *Timothy*,
Live to this day, and ſtill to time to come.



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Then ſince theſe great and goodly monuments
Can make their makers after death abide,
Altho' themſelves have vaniſhed long ſince,
By the conſuming power of time deſtroy'd:

O think, I pray you, how much greater glory
Shall you attain, when your ſublimer ſtrains
Shall riſe to celebrate th' Almighty's ſtory;
And hymn th' Eternal Lord, on high that reigns.

I know you'll anſwer that the antient fictions
Are your ſong's *eſſence*; and that ev'ry fable,
Ay breeding others, makes by their commixtions
To vulgar ears your verſe more admirable.

But what may be more admirable found
Than faith's effects? Or what doth more controll
Wit's curious pride? Or with more force con-
found
The proud preſumptions of the human ſoul?

I'd rather ſing the Tow'r of *Babylon*
Than thoſe three mountains, that in frantic mood
The giants pil'd to pull Jove from his throne;
And *Noah's* rather than *Deucalion's* flood.

I'd rather ſing the ſudden ſhape-depriving
Of *Aſſur's* monarch, than th' *Arcadian* lord;
And the *Bethanian Lazarus'* reviving,
Than valiant *Theſeus'* ſon to life reſtor'd.

One

One vainly doth delight their ears who hear it;
The other profits in abundant meaſure;
And only he the laurel'd crown doth merit,
Who wiſely mingles profit with his pleaſure.

Abandon then theſe old wives' tales and toys,
Leave the young wanton who the blind abuſes,
Who only vacant, idle hearts annoys:
Henceforth no more profane the ſacred muſes.

But all in vain, in vain, alas! I plain me:
Some ſubtle adders, to eſcape my charming,
Stop their dull ears; ſome epicures diſdain me,
Mock my reproofs, and ſcorn my zealous warning.

Altho' this age of happy wits have ſtore,
Scarce one I ſee but wantonly profanes
His native pow'rs, and, ſcorning Heaven's bleſt lore,
To *Venus'* praiſe devotes his ſhameleſs ſtrains.

But thou, my darling, whom, before thy birth,
The ſacred NINE, that ſip th' immortal ſpring
Of *Pegaſus*, predeſtin'd to ſet forth
Th' Almighty's glory, and his praiſe to ſing!

Altho' theſe ſubjects ſeem a barren ſoil,
Which fineſt wits have left for fallow fields,
Yet do thou never from this taſk recoil;
For what is rareſt greateſt glory yields.

Faint

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Faint not, my SALLUST, though fell envy bark
At the bright riſing of thy fair renown;
Fear not her malice; for thy living work,
In ſpite of her, ſhall not be trodden down.

With conſtant ſtep that ſacred path purſue,
Which Heaven-bleſt ſpirits alone are form'd to trace;
And thine ſhall be the mode to merit due,
Among beſt wits to have the worthieſt place."

With theſe ſweet accents, grac'd in utterance,
URANIA, holding in her maiden hand
A glorious crown, rapt up in ſacred tranſe
My ſoul devoted to her high command.

Since when, that love alone my heart hath fir'd,
Since when, that wind alone my ſails hath ſpread;
O happy! might I touch that crown deſir'd!
Thrice happy! might it deck my honor'd head!

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# ERRATA.

P. 34. l. 8. *for* ear *read* car.
71. 10. *for* come *read* comes.
81. 3. *dele* comma *after* queen.
118. 10. *for* DU BARTAS's *read* THE.
216. 12. *for* faſtiduous *read* faſtidious.

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